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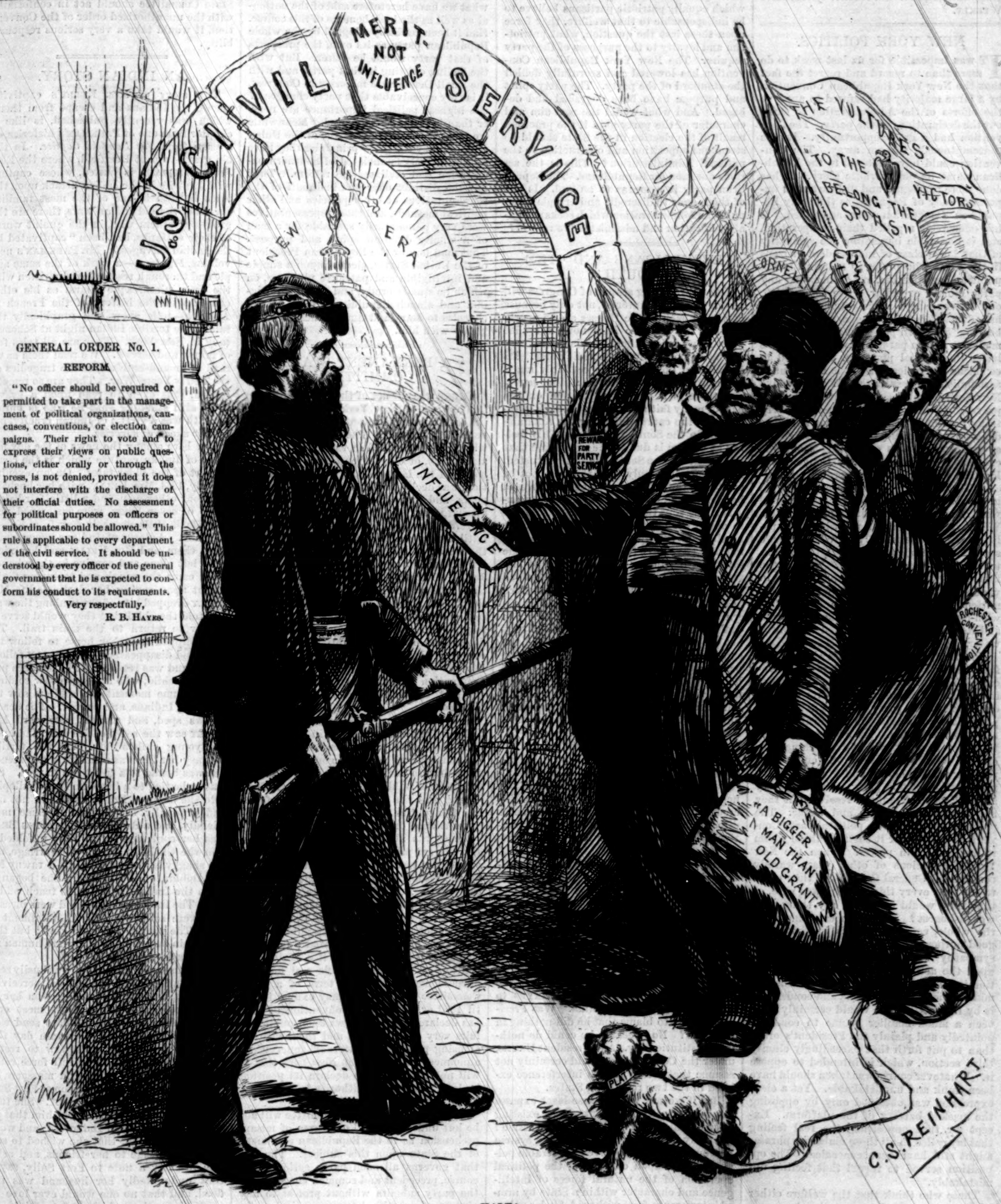

HALT!

SENTINEL HAYES. "You can't come in here, Gentlemen, with that Flag!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains several interesting engravings, and a touching story of domestic life.*

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NEW YORK POLITICS.

IT was impossible for us last week to do more than to record and regret the fact that the New York Republican Convention by a large majority had refused to approve the efforts of the Administration to carry out the declarations of the party. The Convention had a great opportunity. It was contemptuously thrown away. The Convention could have restored to the Republican name its old patriotic glory. It has done more to disgust and dishearten an important body of Republicans than any Republican Convention ever assembled. It has offensively repelled their co-operation, and it has made impossible the sympathy of that large class of independent citizens in the State who prefer to sustain the Republican organization, but do not wear any party muzzle or collar. The Convention, one of whose two immediate predecessors had demanded "a just, generous, and forbearing" Southern policy, and the other had made the reform paragraphs of Mr. HAYES's letter its especial platform, was asked to commend the endeavors of the President to accomplish the results that two successive New York Republican Conventions had approved. It was not asked to approve every thing that had been done or that might be done, but to commend the President's efforts as conformed to his own pledges and the expressed opinions of party Conventions. But the proposition was scornfully rejected. The one thing that was not tolerated in this Republican Convention was a good word for the Republican Administration. We have seen Conventions where the political enemy was roundly scored. We have seen Conventions where a President false to his party was denounced. This is the first party Convention we have seen in which, because the President was not permitted without resistance to be stabbed with innuendoes, he and his Administration and its supporters were deluged with dirty water.

The platform derives all its significance from the speeches of its builders and advocates. Whatever it may say, we know what it means. It means, so far as its builders can speak for the party, that the Republican party does not accept the responsibility of the Administration. Its advocates stated that they were in favor of every thing honest and wise in its course. So ought they to favor what is honest and wise in any Administration of any party. But it is very silly for men solemnly to resolve that they are in favor of wisdom and virtue. The practical question for a political party Convention is whether it sustains those whom it has placed in power. When the New York Conventions of other years warmly commended General GRANT, did they mean to say that every thing he did was wise, or that they would commend any thing that was dishonest? No; they meant that upon the whole, confiding in his integrity and good purpose, they wished to declare their sympathy with him. The true criticism upon the action of the Rochester Convention is that its platform denounced the Administration by insinuation, and condemned it by indirection. It would certainly have been a much manlier course to condemn pointedly and plainly the President's order than to put forth that exceedingly clumsy third section, which is intended to oppose it. Whatever course was taken should have been frank and unmistakable. Yet a clear expression was obtained only by opposing the masked battery of the platform. Except for that opposition, the real feeling that lay coiled in all those elaborate phrases might still have been concealed. The opposition served to reveal that feeling unmistakably.

Those who think that the welfare either of the country or of the party has been promoted by the action of the Convention, hold an opinion that we do not share. The power of mere party spirit has been miscalculated. The situation of the country and of political feeling has been misunderstood. The Rochester Convention could have done very much to make the Republican the party of the next generation, as it has been of the last. The great opportunity has been not merely lost, but scorned. We acknowledge fully and unreservedly respect the sincere convictions of those who differ from us, but we doubt whether there are many Republicans who really wish that their party shall represent the progressive, patriotic, and intelligent sentiment of the country, who are proud of the New York Convention of 1877. It is for every Republican who believes the general course and promise of the Administration to be patriotic and wise to decide how far he can sustain an action which vehemently opposes and derides it. Parties are but associations to secure the public welfare, and when in any State those who speak for a party denounce efforts which equally patriotic partisans believe to be indispensable to that welfare, they force upon these last the question, what patriotism and loyalty to the purposes of the party require. The New York Republican Convention has lowered and scornfully defiled the standard of the party. The party spirit and purpose have been degraded and debased. And what would the real aim and character of the party gain if the practical result of the election in the State should be strenuous opposition and obstruction to the national Administration? This is the serious question for Republicans. The Republican party is a means to an end. Is one of those ends to discredit and cripple a Republican Administration which seeks national pacification and administrative reform?

REPUBLICANS AND "THE SOUTH."

THE approaching session of Congress will be one of peculiar interest, not only because parties in each of the Houses are so nearly divided, but because it is not clear that upon many points the Administration may not be supported by Democratic votes. Its Republican opponents are certainly much more bitter than those of the other party, and there is a sincere opposition on the part of many faithful and honorable Republicans to the course taken by the Administration in the Southern States. This feeling at bottom is due to the conviction that the leaders of the South can not be trusted. It is not meant only that they can not be trusted in the ordinary political phrase used by members of one party in speaking of another, but that they can not be trusted not to abuse the negro, or not to gratify their hostility to the Union. This was the feeling that gave force to the argument of "the solid South" during the campaign of last year. But subsequent events have deprived this argument of its force. If the assumed hostility to the Union were a fact, the Southern leaders had it in their power easily to deal the Union a tremendous blow, and they not only refrained, but they restrained the superserviceable raw recruits of their own party at the North, and stood firmly and honestly side by side with the truest and most tried Republicans. This is a fact of immense significance, and the man who hunts up ingenious theories of deep and dark intentions to explain it, wastes his time, and exposes himself to the doubt that his party zeal surpasses his devotion to his country.

So, also, in regard to the treatment of the negro. There are two points to be considered. What can the national government directly do for his protection, and what national course exposes him least to ill treatment? The constitutional limitations of the national power in the States are familiarly known. It is a familiar fact, also, that all the Southern States but two had passed under the Democratic control, which is held to be the source of danger for the negro. If, then, in all those States the negro had been abandoned, what had produced the abandonment, and how was the Administration to protect him? President GRANT surely was as much bound to protect the negro in Alabama as President HAYES to protect him in South Carolina. Was President GRANT to blame that he did nothing in Alabama? No; because he could do nothing constitutionally. And President HAYES, under the Constitution, could certainly not assume that a case for his interference existed in the two remaining States.

But if we ask what course least exposes the negro to ill treatment, under existing circumstances, can there be any question? Does any sane man suppose that in a system like ours it is a wise or even a tolerable policy to insist upon controlling the political operation of the natural forces of intelligence and character within a State by armed interference from without? Such a policy would instinctively lead to the ill treatment of those in whose interest it was undertaken. In a word, even if the United States could give every colored citizen in every State a body-guard of soldiers, it would be a very foolish thing to do. But the Union can save every colored citizen from the odium and danger of being regarded as belonging to a class held over the whites by brute force. So long as this condition and feeling continue, the negro will be oppressed fearfully and without remedy, and national peace and harmony can not be expected. Having no authority to interfere except in defined cases, the national government is not only constitutionally loyal, but it is, in the most patriotic and humane sense, politically wise, in declining to undertake interference. There could be no more unwise policy suggested for the Republican party than to retain a position of sectional hostility and suspicion, and while professing to desire the security of equal rights, to refuse to take the course that most certainly promises to reach it. We shall not now repeat what we have heretofore said of the national as well as the local benefits of this course. Had it been cordially adopted by the whole Republican party as its own, the prospects of that party would be fairer. But with the feeling existing in that party, and with the small Democratic majority in Congress, it is very conceivable that party changes of the highest political importance are nearer than is generally supposed. Meanwhile we trust that the Republicans of the Union will stand by the great principles they have authoritatively enunciated of Southern pacification and civil service reform. They had the distinct offer at Cincinnati of the representatives of other policies and other political methods, and those representatives were very peremptorily set aside for a man of a wholly different spirit and purpose. That man is now the Republican President of the United States, elected upon a simple and intelligible and patriotic platform, on which he stands firmly, and on which original and stanch Republicans, from Massachusetts to Maryland and Minnesota, stand gladly with him.

A PERMANENT STATE COMMITTEE.

THERE was one act of the late Republican Convention of New York which demands the careful consideration of the Republican voters of the State. The State Committee, which was appointed in the usual manner, and which, of course, represents the sentiments of the large majority of the Convention, was declared "in permanence" for two years, and authorized at its discretion to discharge the duties of a State Convention in 1878, but in any case to remain in office until a new committee shall be chosen at the State Convention of 1879. The pretense for this action is that there will be only a Judge of Appeals to elect next year, and that a Convention is not worth while for the nomination of a single candidate. The real purpose of this singular act, however, is plain. It is to stifle any authoritative declaration of the party until after the next choice of United States Senator, and to allow the extraordinary speeches of the late Convention to stand until that election as the last official manifesto of Republican New York.

It is to be seen whether the Republicans of New York will acquiesce in this action. It is their practice to assemble in annual Convention not only to nominate candidates, but to declare their views upon the condition of public affairs. This last office, indeed, was the absorbing interest of the late Convention. Candidates were scarcely mentioned or thought of until the Convention was about adjourning, and, after an apparent panic among all that were suggested, the nominations were finally made by the remnant of the Convention. It is the practice, also, for the State Committee to be annually selected by the Congressional District delegates in the State Convention. We are not aware that the Republicans of New York have ever intimated a desire to change this practice; and if a State Convention called for a specific and familiar purpose may extend the term of a State Committee until 1879, it may extend it until 1880 or 1885. The Convention of 1877 has declared its own views upon public affairs very emphatically, and then, with an amusing parody of "paternal" supervision, announces to Republican New York that it will not be allowed to declare its position in 1878. By what authority? For what purpose is evident enough.

We trust that the new committee will not be left under any kind or degree of misapprehension as to the Republican sentiment of the State upon this subject. The law that governs all such party action is, of course, precedent and common consent. If the party submits without protest to any change of practice, however radical or injurious, it is legitimated by acquiescence. That a State Committee shall be chosen every year is a prescription only of general consent, and if the extension of its term is quietly tolerated, it will become a mischievous precedent. A Republican State Convention next year in New York would seem to be all the more necessary in consequence of the words and acts of the Convention this year. It is certainly not impossible that as that of this year repudiated the tone and spirit of the declarations of last year, that of next year might not be altogether in harmony with the Convention of this year. Plainly, it is not for the Convention of this year to decide that there shall be none next year. What would have been said if, for any reason whatever, the Convention of last year had instructed last year's committee to hold over for two years, and at its discretion to nominate candidates this year? Is it to be supposed that this year would have passed without a Convention? The late action at Rochester upon this subject was wholly without authority, and is not binding. If the State Committee should act in conformity with the unauthorized order of the Convention, it would take a very serious responsibility.

AN INDIAN STORY.

THE story of Mrs. KELLY's captivity among the Indians and escape from them, which was recently published, is like a chapter from one of PARKMAN's histories, or a page from *The Deerfield Captive*. In the old grave-yard at Deerfield, where the Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS is buried, whose capture with his wife in the Indian attack upon the town in 1704 is one of the most familiar events of the old Indian wars, there are the graves of others who, in the quaint words of their epitaphs, had been "captivated by the Indian salvages." Mr. PARKMAN's new volume, *Frontenac*—a work of the same ample and thorough research and written with the same picturesque charm as his other chapters of the history of the French in America—tells anew and graphically the tale of the terrible Indian night at Schenectady in New York. They are all tales full of horror and sorrow. We read them as we read of mound-builders, or the tragedies of the Thirty Years' War. They are so remote, indeed, that even to read upon a gravestone still standing that he who is buried beneath was a victim of Indian cruelty, has a little shock of surprise.

But here among the news of the day is a story of Indian capture which is the counterpart of the older tales. On an evening in July, 1864, Mrs. KELLY, with her husband and four other men, and a little fair-haired niece of seven years, were encamped near the Black Hills, on their way from Kansas to Idaho. A party of Indians swept down upon them, and Mrs. KELLY and her niece were left alone and captive in their hands. Then came the rough and torturing flight. Intent upon saving her darling's life, Mrs. KELLY dropped bits of paper along the way, and told the child that they would serve as a clew to return to the main trail. The child slipped from her horse to follow the clew, and disappeared. Mrs. KELLY followed her, and was retaken. The savages pursued the child, who at length saw soldiers. At the same moment the soldiers saw the pursuing Indians, and paused. The deadly arrows sped, and months afterward Mrs. KELLY saw the scalp of fair hair, and knew the young child's fate. On the terrible journey her life was constantly threatened. She was bound to a tree to be burned. She was to be tied to a horse and sent galloping into the desert. But the fate did not fall, and gradually the Indians became more friendly, and a Sioux chief, JUMPING BEAR, was her confessed lover. She unfolded to him the Christian ethics of marriage, and the shaggy lover acquiesced—a tawny Major Dobbin of the prairie. She began to learn the Indian language, to teach, and to sing. The Indians listened and were pleased, and were sorry for their ill treatment of her. The women also were kind; but they were vain and dirty. "They are human nature in a savage state."

Her husband, meanwhile, was busily seeking to find her, and the Indians, perceiving the great interest that was felt on her behalf, decided that they must meet craft with craft. They concluded to send word to Fort Sully that on a certain day they would bring the white squaw to restore her. They would then in full force escort her within the stockade, and massacre the garrison. To save the garrison at Fort Sully was now the aim of Mrs. KELLY. She turned to JUMPING BEAR, and told him that she was now enamored of Indian life, and would never leave it, but that she wished to send one last message to her friends, and asked him to carry a note to Fort Sully, saying that undoubtedly her husband was now dead, and that no one would ever love her so dearly again—which was certainly, under the circumstances, human nature in a civilized state. JUMPING BEAR, faithful and eager, departed. He delivered the let-

ter, which put Fort Sully upon its guard. Two thousand Indians presently appeared before it with their captive. The garrison with shotted guns awaited them, and the commandant requested a dozen Indians to approach with the captive. They entered the fort with her. The gate was closed. The guns were run out, and the Indians ran away. Congress subsequently voted Mrs. Kelly five thousand dollars, and she has now a place in the Pension-office. The other day, when a Sioux delegation came to Washington, she met it in a friendly manner, and one of the chief men wept that she would not return with them to the wilderness. She speaks very kindly of them. To a question whether they would not abuse her if they had her again in their power, she answered that much of the Indian cruelty must be attributed to the injustice and cruelty of the whites. "And one reason you can not believe an Indian is that the Indian has learned that he can not believe a white man." However that may be, Mrs. Kelly has proved that she can truly say to the Indians, in the words of Mrs. O'Flaherty to her husband, "Come on! I'm able for ye!"

A MISTAKE.

It was one of the errors of the late New York Convention not to take strong ground upon the submission of the city amendments to the people. An admirable resolution upon the subject was offered and even urged, but it was not tolerated. The reply was made that it was substantially included in the platform. But we have sought it there in vain, unless it be found in the assertion that the Republican party is "the only hope of thorough reform and of frugal government," or in the concluding pledge "to renewed and unyielding efforts for the correction of municipal abuses." Much was said about the duty of a State Convention to confine its attention to State questions and interests. It might therefore have been expected that a subject of such paramount importance as the propositions submitted by the late commission of inquiry would have received respectful attention. It was, indeed, a commission appointed by a Democratic Governor, and its chairman was the present Secretary of State. These have been suggested as the reasons that the amendments were passed in silence. But we should prefer to believe that there was some more sensible reason. The Convention was informed that the platform as reported contained all that was necessary, and those who differed could not affect the decision.

A hearty recommendation of the submission of the amendments to the people would have gained a very large support for the Republicans from various strong classes of voters. The intelligent German element of which the *Staats-Zeitung* is the representative, and which, although Democratic, sincerely wishes to do more than to profess reform and to declare for good government, would unquestionably have been stimulated to earnest co-operation with those who honestly advocated the reference of the question to the voters. It is very true that the Democratic party is known to be opposed to the submission. But that is only another reason that the Republican party should be authoritatively known as in favor of the submission. It is also true that the last Republican Legislature favored it. But that fact only makes it the more desirable that its act should have been ratified by the general assembly of the party. The silence of the Convention leaves it in doubt whether the action of the Legislature is approved. This is the more unfortunate because there was so much unnecessary positiveness in wrong directions that it would have been well to keep the balance by firmness upon points which would have tended to strengthen instead of to distract the party.

MONMOUTH.

We observe with pleasure that the citizens of Monmouth County in New Jersey are preparing for the centennial commemoration of the battle of Monmouth on the 28th of June, 1878. The Revolutionary history of New Jersey is most interesting, and the people of Monmouth do well in beginning early, and so securing a thorough study of the subject by those who shall be selected to speak on the occasion. In mentioning, last week, the centennial anniversary of the battle of Bemus Heights, we alluded to the great benefit sure to result from the historical reminiscences of these years. There are many intelligent persons who do not find American history interesting, and wonder why they prefer the English. They feel about American history, indeed, very much as Fisher Ames felt about American literature, and read the story of Cromwell and the Great Rebellion with a zest that they do not know in reading that of Washington and our own Revolution. Of course much of this feeling is to be explained by literary skill. Thus Mr. Green's *History of the English People*, which is but a compend, a brief survey of the whole subject, and yet is a marvel of vivid narration, published but two or three years, has had a very great sale both in England and in America. Macaulay's charm as a narrator is also undeniable, and Froude has brilliant chapters, but the other British historians have no striking popular spell.

Nor is the explanation to be found in any uniform and striking superiority of eminent Englishmen to eminent Americans. Lord Chatham's famous remark about the men of the Continental Congress is confirmed by all students. The fathers of our Revolution need not shrink from comparison with the English leaders. There were in England, indeed, Chatham and Burke and Fox. But there were in America Washington, Samuel Adams, and Alexander Hamilton, to go no further. It is not easy to say why the story of the development of English liberty upon this continent should be less attractive than the same story in England, except for the setting which literature and imagination have given it there. It is, indeed, to be remembered that the Indian part of our history is essentially uninteresting. The annals of barbarism are little more than curious, and the "setting" of our story after the beginning is without appeal to the imagination. But whoever follows it in memoirs and separate sketches will be more and more interested.

The great advantage of these centennial years is that they will promote this historical interest, and develop the means of gratifying it. Emerson said at Concord in 1875: "I challenge any lover of Massachusetts to read the fifty-ninth chapter of Bancroft's history without tears of joy." It is great praise from a great authority. But it is hard to understand how, with that book in his hand, a reader should say that American history is not interesting. As one of the latest contributions to our proper political annals, let him turn to Lodge's *Life and Letters of George Cabot*, and the essential interest is hardly less than that of Lord Shelburne's recently published memoirs. It is, indeed, a fault and a shame that our colleges and schools have neglected the careful training of students in our own history. Young Americans have been set to read Hume and Gibbon. The active older generation of to-day would have been more mortified not to know the English than the American story. New Jersey Monmouth will do its part to change that tradition, as, in New York, Kingston, Oriskany, and Bemus Heights have already done theirs.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William C. Bryant will be eighty-four on the 3d of November. The *Evening Post* is in its seventy-sixth year, and has had but two chief editors. The first was William Coleman, who occupied the post for twenty-six years; the second is Mr. Bryant, who has filled the position half a century.

—Professor B. L. Gildersleeve's admirable edition of the *Satires of Persius*, published by Harper & Brothers, has been very favorably received in Germany, *par excellence* the land of classical scholarship. The distinguished scholar L. Friedländer, of Königsberg, speaks of it in high terms, characterizing the Introduction as "admirably written," and commending the work as a whole to the attention and use of students in the German schools and universities. This is a high but well-deserved compliment to the ability and learning of the American editor. Professor Gildersleeve, we may add, is one of the most thorough classical scholars of America. He holds the professorship of Greek in the Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore.

—Elihu Burritt says we must have the English work-house in order to abate the tramp nuisance. The plan has been thoroughly tried in England, and has proved highly successful there. Indeed, so long ago as 1790, Count Rumford in this way almost suppressed beggary in Bavaria.

—M. Cohen, a learned Frenchman of Hebrew extraction, has written two large octavo volumes displaying great learning and research, in which he attempts to restore the Pharisees to a place of honor. He maintains that Pharisaism was really a protest of rationalism against priestcraft, and that the Pharisees were really the Protestants of Judea.

—Dr. Benjamin Walworth, of Fredonia, New York, a brother of Chancellor Walworth, is the oldest practicing physician in the State. He was born in 1792, and is still actively engaged in feeling pulses and looking at tongues.

—Mr. Wilkie Collins intended to be in New York at about this time, but a singular ailment—gout in the eyes, from which he is a severe sufferer—has prevented. In his house in Gloucester Place no gas can be used; only such mild light as is absolutely necessary.

—Mr. Layard, British minister at Constantinople, has obtained from the Sultan leave to make further excavations at Nineveh.

—Apropos of United States Senatorships and the aspirations of Mr. Conkling, it may be mentioned that from the State of New York no person has held that position for more than two terms, and few have served the full twelve years. Some who were re-elected, after four or five years' service accepted cabinet places or foreign missions. None, however, have had the political felicity of entering upon a third term. The persons who have served longest in the United States Senate are—Sumner, of Massachusetts, twenty-three years; Hamlin, of Maine, twenty-two years; Cameron, of Pennsylvania, eighteen years; Clay, of Kentucky, seventeen years; Webster, of Massachusetts, seventeen years; Howe, of Wisconsin, sixteen years; James A. Bayard, of Delaware, fifteen years; Calhoun, of South Carolina, eight years. Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, although only sixty-two years of age, is now the oldest member of the Senate in point of continuous service, having held the position eighteen years. Should he live to fill out the fourth term, upon which he has just entered, he will be the only member of the Senate whose service extended to twenty-four years. Until then the honor of longest continuous service belongs to Charles Sumner.

—Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, is again at home, after an absence of a year and a half. He is the only potentate in the world's history who has absented himself from his country for so long a period purely for personal relaxation and enjoyment. During his absence no political troubles have occurred, and he resumes the headship of his government with the universal respect of his people.

—D. H. Armstrong, the new United States Senator from Missouri, is a Nova Scotian by birth, and sixty-five years of age. He was a school-teacher in St. Louis for many years, and postmaster under Fillmore.

—Dr. Samuel Mudd, who was much talked about at the time of President Lincoln's assassination, when he set the broken leg of J. Wilkes Booth, and was sent to the Dry Tortugas and afterward pardoned, has been nominated for the Legislature by the Democrats of Charles County, Maryland.

—Professor Max Müller has returned to Oxford much benefited by his year's sojourn abroad, and will now devote himself to the editing of the translation of the sacred books of the world, which he has undertaken.

—A deserved compliment to a man who had exhibited courage and discretion in a time of peril was bestowed a few evenings since in Jersey City at a banquet given to Mr. George W. Barker, superintendent of the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. During the period when so many millions of property were destroyed by the railroad rioters, it was owing to the steady nerve, the clear head, the good sense, and kind heart of Mr. Barker, and the regard felt for him by railroad employés, that Jersey City was saved from the riot and destruction that devastated Pittsburgh and other cities. The banquet was presided over by A. H. Wallis, president of the First National Bank, and among the guests were United States Senator M'Pherson, Senator Abbett, Congressman Hardenberg, Sheriff Laverty, Postmaster Greene, Judge Blair, and other of Jersey City's most distinguished citizens. Speeches of more than ordinary merit and spirit were made, in which the excellent executive and social qualities of Mr. Barker were deservedly extolled, and his invaluable services to the city commended.

—By a sinister coincidence, *Le Grelot*, a Paris journal, published on the 2d of September a caricature representing Thiers carrying in his hand the scythe of Time, who had borrowed from him his stick. Thiers was represented treading on the papers announcing his malady, and was walking arm in arm with Time, whom he seemed likely to outlive. On the 3d of September, one day after this brevet of long life had been given to him, Thiers died.

—Recently when M. Sardou was dining with M. De Haussonville, the Duc de Broglie being of the company, he was asked point-blank whom he had in view when he sketched Rabagas. "A type—no one person," said Sardou. "It wasn't Gambetta?" "Gambetta is a man whose patriotism I honor too highly to allow me to bring him on the stage." The Duc de Broglie made a wry face. Jules Claretie—very good authority—says that the original of Rabagas was Émile Ollivier.

—Wilhelm Grimm, the writer of fascinating fairy tales, once related a small story which illustrates the prophet proverb. "When we were at Göttingen," he said, "somebody spoke to my little son about his father's Mährchen. He came running to me, and said, with an offended air, 'Vater, man sagt du hast die Mährchen geschriben; nicht wahr du hast nicht solches Dummezeug gemacht?'" ("Father, people say that you have written the fairy tales; surely you never invented such rubbish?") "He thought it below my dignity," said Grimm. Somehow the child had never seen or attended to the fact of his father's authorship.

—An American once said to M. Thiers, when the latter was President: "Well, Mr. Thiers, if you are passing any where near my hotel the next time you are in Paris, I hope you'll give me a look in; I shall be very much pleased to see you." Thiers's expression of amused surprise as he looked up into the face of his guest was a thing to be remembered. "Is it possible," he seemed to say, "that you can forget who I am—that I am the chief of the state, and that I do not drop in to take afternoon tea with every foreigner who pays me a visit?"

—"Call me Judge," said the large U. S. Senator from Illinois, the Hon. David Davis, to a gentleman who was conversing with and addressing him as "Senator"—"call me Judge. I've been called Judge for twenty-two years, and by no other name would I smell as sweet."

—There are people theatrical who are rather exacting as to their wage. For example, Miss Clara Morris last year had $600 a week; Fanny Davenport, $750; Ada Dyas, $250; Kate Claxton, $175; C. R. Thorne, $250; John Brougham, $200; H. J. Montague, $225; John Gilbert, $150; James Lewis, $150; Harry Beckett, $150; William Davidge, $100; Charles Fisher, $150. George Rignold, during his engagement here last season, was paid $250 in gold per week. Sothern plays on shares, one-half the house after expenses, and Lawrence Barrett has the same terms. Edwin Booth was the only American tragedian who had a clear half of the house, but Fanny Davenport was to have had the same enormous fee. Booth, while playing under engagements to Mr. Ford last season in the South, got $600 a night. George F. Rowe has $200 a week. The late E. L. Davenport had from $500 to $1000. Fechter once was equally well paid, but could not now obtain such terms. Joe Jefferson has been paid as high as $3500 a week, and his managers were said to have made money by his engagement. Charlotte Cushman was allowed half the whole house.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New York Democratic State Convention met at Albany on the 3d and 4th inst. The Tammany faction carried the day, and nominated for Secretary of State, Allen C. Beach; Comptroller, F. P. Olcott; Treasurer, James Mackin; Attorney-General, Augustus Schoonmaker; Engineer and Surveyor, Horatio Seymour, Jun.

The jury in the trial of Frederick A. Sawyer, ex-Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, Mr. Haines, ex-Commissioner of Customs, and Frank W. Brooks, for conspiracy to defraud the government, brought in a verdict of guilty, on the 30th ult.

Colonel David H. Armstrong, vice-president of the Board of Police Commissioners of St. Louis, Missouri, has been appointed by Governor Phelps to fill the vacancy caused by the death of United States Senator Lewis V. Bogy.

General Spinner has declined the Greenback nomination for Secretary of State for New York.

The business portion of the village of Putnam, Connecticut, was destroyed by fire on the 30th ult. The loss is estimated at $125,000.

The Kansas Republicans, on the 2d inst., nominated L. A. Humphreys for Lieutenant-Governor, and A. H. Horton for Chief Justice. The Minnesota Democrats, on the same day, nominated William Banning for Governor, and L. L. Ames for Lieutenant-Governor. The platform arraigns the Republican party for demonetizing silver and passing the Resumption Act.

The United States troops have returned from the Mexican side of the Rio Grande River without loss. The expedition was unsuccessful, owing to the fact that the Indians had been warned of the pursuit. Twelve horses and two mules which had been stolen from this side the river were recaptured.

The steam-ship *Magnolia*, bound from Savannah for New York, sprung a leak on the 30th ult., and was lost. All on board were saved.

The Colorado State election took place on the 2d inst. The Woman's Suffrage proposition was defeated.

A furious storm of wind and rain visited this part of the country on the 4th inst. Railway embankments were washed away by suddenly swollen streams, and trains were wrecked. On the Pickering Valley Railroad an excursion train was thrown down an embankment forty feet high, and eight persons were killed and fifty wounded. On the Belvidere Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad five persons are believed to have been killed, and on the Wilmington and Northern an engineer was killed. The steamer *Massachusetts*, of the Providence Line, was driven ashore on Rocky Point, Long Island, but her two hundred passengers were rescued. All along the coast and on the lakes there was great damage to shipping, and at various places on shore houses were unroofed, fences were destroyed, and trees were uprooted.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: A great battle was fought in Armenia on the 2d inst. The London *Daily News* correspondent, in a special dispatch of that day, says: "A general attack was made on Mukhtar Pasha's whole line this morning. General Melikoff was in command, under the orders of the Grand Duke Michael. The key of Mukhtar's position, which was defended by only a single battalion, was attacked on three sides and captured. The battalion was annihilated. The Turks tried to recapture this point, but were repulsed. The further progress of the Russians was insignificant, but hopes are entertained of cutting off Mukhtar from Kars. The Russians bivouacked on the conquered position. About 1500 Russians were killed and wounded. The Turks were misled by their spies, and only expected to be attacked on their flanks." The other side of the same story is given by Mukhtar Pasha, who declares that the battle was indecisive. He says his outposts withdrew from Great Kanilar, which is probably the position the capture of which by General Melikoff was described in the *Daily News* special from Karajal. The Russian attacks on Little Kanilar and Kizil-Tepe were unsuccessful. On the right, the Turks being threatened by six battalions, assumed the offensive. They stormed Gladi-Dagh, and, after five hours' fighting, pursued the Russians to Aorpatchai. Night stopped the conflict. Both sides maintained their positions. Mukhtar Pasha estimates the Russian loss at 5000. The Turkish loss is unknown. Fazli Pasha was wounded. There was no fighting on the following day, except near Karajal, of which the dispatch gives no details. The rumor that two Russian generals were killed is unfounded. The Porte, in a dispatch to its representatives abroad, claims that Mukhtar gained an overwhelming victory. The engagement was renewed on the 5th and 6th, but the Russians did not succeed in carrying the enemy's works. On the last day a Russian bulletin announced that the positions taken from the Turks on the 2d inst. would be abandoned, owing to the difficulty in getting a supply of water.—A dispatch from Sistova to the London *Standard*, dated the 3d, says that the Roumanians having pushed their fourth parallel close to the second Grivitza redoubt, an attack is expected in three days. Two brigades of riflemen and a strong force of cavalry have been sent West to intercept fresh columns, which it is reported have already started from Orchanie.—Some strong detachments of Bashi-Bazouks who attempted to enter Montenegro near Sutorvan, on the 1st, were repulsed after several hours' sanguinary fighting.—On the 3d, an imperial decree was issued by the Porte, appointing Raouf Pasha to the command of the Army of the Balkans at Shipka, and Suleiman Pasha to the command of the Army of the Danube, in place of Mehemet Ali, who is recalled.—The Russians at Guirgevo have renewed the bombardment of Rustchuk. The damage inflicted was very great, only a few houses remaining entire. The intrenchments, however, are intact.—The Prince of Montenegro has decided to consider this year's campaign terminated with the occupation of the district of Banjani. The Prince had written the Czar that he had succeeded in obtaining his principal object, namely, the deliverance of the population of Upper Herzegovina, and did not intend to go beyond the Banjani country. The Prince concluded with a request that the Czar would, in the event of the conclusion of peace, use his efforts to bring about the incorporation of the district of Banjani into Montenegro.—General Todleben succeeds General Zotoff as chief of staff to the Prince of Roumania before Plevna.—Two hundred Turks crossed the Danube at Silistria on the 2d, and occupied Kalarasch, but upon the appearance of the Russians they recrossed the river.—The Sultan has conferred the title of Ghazi (conqueror) on Osman Pasha and Mukhtar Pasha.—The Russians officially acknowledge the loss of 52,000 men up to September 27.

A correspondent of the London *Times* reports that 750,000 pesons have died of the famine in Madras.

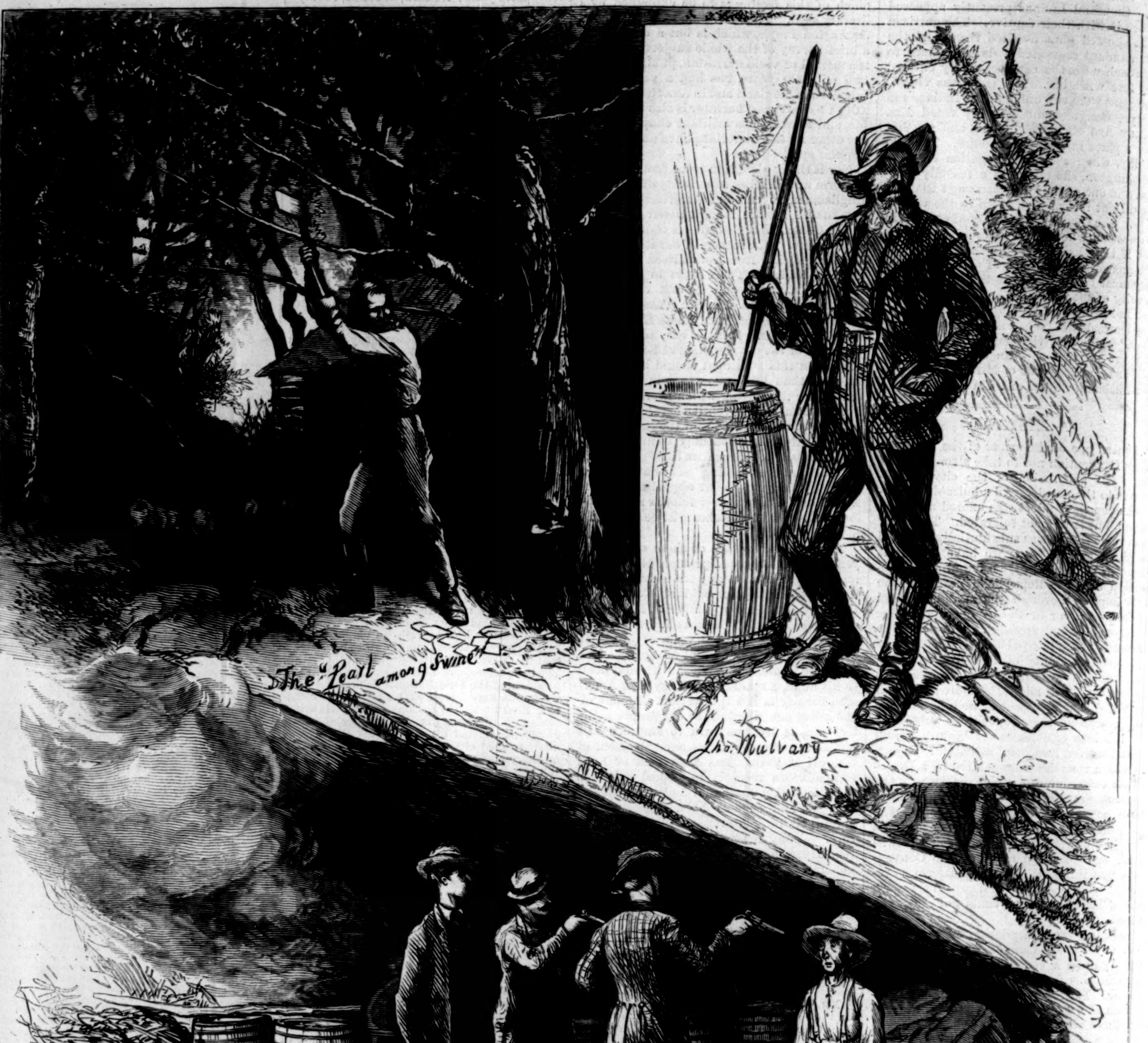
The Sacred Congregation of the Vatican has pronounced against the canonization of Columbus.

Teresa Tietjens, the celebrated operatic singer, died in London on the 3d. She was a native of Hamburg, and was born in 1834.

A manifesto was issued on the 4th by the French republican Senators. It says the situation is one of the most serious ever experienced. The electors are called upon to decide whether the government is to be one of personal power directed by clerical and absolutist influences, or whether the nation intends to continue to rule itself.

It is reported that King Alfonso has given private orders to his generals in Cuba to make peace on any terms, which he wishes to have consolidated before his marriage takes place in the beginning of next year. Many Cubans confess that they are hemmed in on all sides, and that resistance on their part is becoming a very hard task. The number of insurgents offering to return to the authority of the Spanish government has been much larger during this month than at any time previous.

Two prominent Cuban chiefs, Señor Castillo and his son, surrendered to the Spanish authorities on the 27th ult. The former was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the latter aid-de-camp of General Gomez.



"THE MOONSHINE MAN" OF KENTUCKY.—From Sketches by our Special Artist.—[See next Page.]

MISSION INDIANS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MAKING BASKETS AND HAIR ROPES.—[Drawn by Frenzeny.]

MISSION INDIANS.

It is seldom that American Indians are pictorially represented as otherwise engaged than in scalping, stealing, or hunting. The above sketch forms an interesting exception to the rule. The Mission Indians around Palo and San Diego, in Southern California, are dextrous workers in baskets and in ropes made from horse-hair. These ropes are generally twisted with hair of several colors, forming a very pretty and even artistic combination. They cost from ten to twelve dollars apiece, and are mostly sold in Texas and Mexico, where they are highly prized. The baskets are manufactured out of reeds and grass, so closely woven as to be completely water-tight. They resemble the finest Japanese wicker-work, and are considered an indispensable article of kitchen furniture in the households of Southern California.

THE INDIAN DELEGATIONS.

The Indians represented in the engraving below are members of the Sioux and Arrapahoe delegations which have recently visited Washington for the purpose of laying their wants and grievances before their "Great Father." They protested against leaving their present country, and in their interviews with the President and Secretary Schurz made a great many requests for supplies of wagons, seeds, mowing machines, schools and teachers, etc. At the last interview they were dressed in the garb of civilized men, having laid aside that of their native wilds. Chief Spotted Tail was the most persistent mendicant of all. He wanted "forty dollars apiece to buy things for their women and children, and a trunk apiece to carry their clothing in." Some of their requests were granted, Mr. Schurz made them a friendly speech, and they departed in a happy frame of mind.

"THE MOONSHINE MAN."

A PEEP INTO HIS HAUNTS AND HIDING-PLACES.

Chief among the numerous phases of lawlessness which first attracted attention in the South at the close of the civil war was that of producing what government officials are wont to denominate illicit whiskey. The making of this kind of liquor by illegal process commenced in consequence of large taxation levied first in 1862. It has since been carried on in many Southern and Southwestern States, but in none of the others probably to such an extent as in Kentucky. Here, in thirty-seven different counties, for twelve years past, has this kind of whiskey been made and sold. Its manufacture has enriched no one, and especially not those who make it. Those who distill illicit whiskey are of the poorest and most ignorant classes. Watched closely by the officials of the government, they can produce their whiskey only with extreme difficulty, and having made it, can sell only to a few neighbors and friends sworn to secrecy. Even then they are constantly in danger of discovery. This style of bringing

Red Cloud. Little Bigman. Little Wound. Big Road. Three Bears. Yellow Bear. He Dog. Young-man-afraid-of-his-horses. Iron Crow.

THE SIOUX AND ARRAPAHOE DELEGATIONS.—[Photographed by Brady, Washington.]

forth juice from corn, so to speak, has received a distinct title of its own—"moonshining." The man who produces it is termed a "moonshiner," and his product is known by the appellation of "moonshine." These provincialisms owe their origin to the fact that this illicit whiskey, or, at all events, the major part of it, is distilled at night by the rays of the moon. The vigilance of the officials causes this to be necessary. It is also important to the moonshiner that he select as the location of his still-house, where the liquor is made, a spot both difficult and dangerous to find.

In the mountainous section of the "dark and bloody ground," as the name Kentucky is supposed to signify, exist many admirable places of this nature. Indeed, some are so dreary and desolate that wild-cats and other beasts of the forest are still around them. In the mountains, in ravines, briers, brushes, trees thick and tall, in caves and under cliffs, are these peculiar specimens of the law-breakers, who eke out an existence as romantic as it is remarkable. They raise their own grain, erect their own still-houses and attachments, and, as a general thing, confine the labor of making liquor to their own families. As stated previously, the moonshiners are illiterate beings in most instances; very few of them can read and write, and many have never beheld aught else of the world than exists within a hundred miles of their own habitations. They do not consider the making of whiskey by illicit means a crime, singular to state, and believing thus, are invariably inclined to resist arrest, though they do not by any means always do so.

Though brave and bold at home, the moonshiner in a large city is as mild-looking a man as is ever seen. The sudden change from horseback to a seat in the cars, on which nine-tenths of them have never ridden until captured, and the startling effect produced by sudden entry into a city after long years of life in rural regions, so overcome the illicit distiller that his appearance on the streets would picture him to the observer as meek and mild-mannered in the extreme. Clad in garments of butternut, sometimes yellow, ofttimes brown, and occasionally blue jeans, and always homespun, with hands in pockets, an old slouch hat shaped in semi-Continental style and pulled partly over the forehead, the moonshiner on arriving in Louisville, where all of his kind are brought after their capture, waddles awkwardly through the streets, with an expression upon his features, if not of awe, most certainly astonishment of the deepest dye.

A temporary stay in jail follows his arrival. He is next taken before a United States Commissioner; witnesses are examined, and if the proof elicited be deemed sufficient, bond is asked for his appearance before the United States Court at its earliest session. If the proof is thought insufficient, he is discharged from custody, and permitted to get home the best manner he knows how; and this is generally by walking, as not one in ten has enough money to defray travelling expenses. In case bond can not be given, the moonshiner is placed in jail, there to remain until taken before court, frequently a period of six months.

A few months ago I resolved to accompany two officers in pursuit of illicit distillers, believing that many curious facts not otherwise attainable could be gathered in this way. The men with whom I went into the land of the moonshiner were Deputy United States Marshal WALTER C. WHITAKER and Special Bailiff EDGAR WYATT, a brother of United States Deputy Marshal JOHN WYATT. Leaving Louisville early one evening, we set out for Hardin County, arriving at Elizabethtown a while before the interesting hour when church-yards are supposed to yawn. Lunching first, we then awakened the proprietor of a livery-stable, and procured the three best horses he could offer. Half an hour after the time when the aforesaid yawning is reputed to occur, our party left Etown, as its inhabitants are pleased to designate their pretty little village, for a point twenty miles distant. The moon shone brightly through the trees, the air was mild and balmy, and sufficient wind moved to make travelling by horse as pleasant as possible. As we galloped on toward our destination, however, and in two hours after starting, the wind increased, the moon became partly obscured by fast-floating clouds, and large drops of rain fell ever and anon. These continued to grow large in size, until, at half past three, quite a sharp shower was in progress. Riding now became decidedly disagreeable, a miserable rocky road adding to the discomfort first brought on by the rain and darkness. The horses ceased galloping, and picked their way along in a quick walk. The moon had disappeared entirely, and darkness most intense enshrouded the earth. We could hardly distinguish each other, and having entered a forest several miles in length, full of narrow winding paths, tall thick trees, and overhanging vines and bushes of all descriptions, were compelled to proceed with exceeding care and caution.

WYATT rode a white horse, the writer a bay, and WHITAKER a gray. In order that all could keep together, WYATT went in front, hoping that the other two could always perceive his white horse. For a time we were enabled to do this, but by-and-by, as the darkness grew deeper, not even this animal's snowy color could be seen. The path we were following led through creeks, up and down hills, through the brush, through briers, across fields, forests, and meadows. Thus seventeen miles were passed before halting. When a stop was made, the gray signs of daylight were appearing in the eastern horizon. The rain poured down as incessantly as ever, the three of us being drenched through and through. Changing horses, we went forward once more, anxious to reach the still-house for which we had started before day had fairly come. By some mischance the wrong road was taken, and after travelling in all twenty-two miles, a second halt was ordered. Day had now appeared, and, lest we should be seen by moonshiners, the marshals thought it best to find shelter. Observing an old farmer feeding hogs, we signaled to him, and on his coming up to within a few yards of us, WHITAKER asked for shelter for man and beast. The old gentleman did not seem particularly desirous of complying, and the others, dismounting, ordered him to move aside and allow them to pass. He obeyed, and shortly afterward men were before a warm fire and beasts beneath a warm cover. Breakfast eaten, the old man, a Mr. GIBSON, was asked whether there were any still-houses in his section. He answered that there were, but declined to locate them, saying he might involve himself in trouble by so doing. Persuasion was of no avail, reward was likewise ineffective, and the only alternative before us was to try his son. The young man proved truly a chip of the old block. Not caring to dally more, the marshals produced pistols, and told young GIBSON to mount and lead them to the nearest still-house. He obeyed very reluctantly, going to a place four and a half miles distant, in the midst of a heavy wood. There he drew rein, and remarked, "I think it's right close," referring to the location of a still-house. All dismounted, and, creeping forward, soon observed a light smoke curling gracefully heavenward from a deep ravine. Another peep showed a still-house, beside which sat a man whittling a stick and occasionally stirring a fire. The pattering of the rain drowned the noise of approaching footsteps, and not until the three men stood before him did the solitary one seem apprised of their coming. WHITAKER's voice first startled him. The marshal said, before he himself was seen, and as the moonshiner sat whittling, "Stranger, how are you?"

Leaping to his feet, the other cried, in tones of astonishment, "The devil!"

"Oh no," said the officer; "WHITAKER, Louisville—marshal for Uncle Sam, you know. My friends, Mr. Moonshiner, WYATT and ——: true blue, you bet!"

The fellow was too astonished to utter a word. He gazed at those before him for five minutes, and then, turning his eyes on WYATT, bellowed out, "Oh, say, you've ketched the wrong fellow; I swear you have, by gosh! I'm innocent; indeed I am, mister. I'll bet twenty dollars—and it's all I've got—that I can prove my innocence by any man around here. Yes, I can, by gosh!"

"No doubt, no doubt," said WYATT; "but can you show me a man about here that hasn't got something to do with 'stilling?"

Before an answer could be given, WHITAKER suddenly ejaculated, "Behind the barrels, boys! here's more coming."

We were hidden in an instant.

WHITAKER said, "Here, you moonshiner; dare give those fellows a sign, and I'll bullet [shoot] you! If they're engaged here, motion with your left hand."

The prisoner did not comply.

WHITAKER cried, "Quick, quick now! Is either connected here or not?"

"Yes, the one on the left; the other is not."

The two individuals continued to approach. When within pistol range, the two marshals sprang up suddenly, and bade them throw up their arms and come forward. The answer was that they were without weapons, and would surrender. The three were then searched and told to sit down, to await the coming of more. An hour later, young GIBSON the guide and a stranger came in view. At the sight of the former, the first prisoner, FRANK CARTER, and the one he had pointed out as concerned in the illicit work, conferred together a few moments. A while after, CARTER burst forth in a violent torrent of abuse, cursing GIBSON and his family in the vilest language, and calling on God to give him an opportunity to thrash him. His companion, a beardless youth, SILAS PENDLETON by name, said:

"CLAY GIBSON is mad with both of us. He piloted you men here, and as I live, and as God lives above me, he had better kill me now! He'd better get evidence to hang me, too, for, as I hope to get my liberty, I'm coming back to make him die for this. I am, so help me God!"

"I've a notion to do it now," said CARTER.

GIBSON grasped the revolver of the writer from within his overcoat pocket. His face was as white as a sheet as he looked at his enemies, and said, "You accuse me wrongfully. I did not give you away. Say what you please, CARTER, about me, but speak of the old folks again as you did just now, and I'll lay you out, though I hang as high as the tree-tops. Mind, now, mind, I say, for my blood is up, and you'd better take care!"

"Quiet! quiet, both of you!" put in WHITAKER. "CARTER, hush! Young fellow, leave at once!"

GIBSON walked away, the others sending after him a torrent of abuse.

Noon had arrived by this time, and no other moonshiners having made their appearance, the officers demolished the still, numerous barrels of mash and beer, a lot of corn meal, a bed whereon the sentinel had been accustomed to sleep, and all the appliances generally used in the manufacture of moonshine. The man who had last come up gave his name as DANIEL ROBERTS GREGGSTON. He was made prisoner, and told to follow the others. GREGGSTON said he was under promise to appear before a civil court next day to answer the charge of arson. The others substantiated this, but the marshals compelled him to accompany them, notwithstanding their assertions. The youth who had come up with PENDLETON gave his name as GEORGE CARTER. He seemed to be a born fool, and was suffered to depart in peace. The remainder were placed together, and all then galloped away toward another still-house, the location of which the officers had been informed of. Before speaking of this adventure, a description of the previous still-house should be given. Its situation was in the most desolate, dreary, out-of-the-way spot imaginable. In the heart of a dense forest, at the base of two high hills—almost mountains they were—and under a cliff surrounded by tall, thick-limbed trees and innumerable bushes and brambles, were the still and its accoutrements. The tell-tale smoke alone gave indication of its presence, and by this were the officers guided to it. A small branch of water ran down the hill-side, and a stream of this necessary adjunct in making moonshine was trailed into the still by means of a sapling hollowed for that purpose. The still and its parts were constructed very crudely, yet, all in all, answered their purpose as well as those more elegantly put up.

When the officers left this spot they set out for another still-house eight miles distant. The rain was coming down as hard as ever, and a cold wind pierced us through and through. We galloped through field and forest for three hours without success, the most careful search failing to reveal the still we had hoped to find. Night coming on, the party rode four miles further, to a place called Big Clifty. Here we remained overnight, the landlord, a Mr. GOODMAN (and we found him well named), entertaining us with an excellent supper, the sudden—indeed, it may be said very sudden—disappearance of which astonished the host exceedingly. In the morning early, breakfast eaten, a start was made for another still-house. Four miles of galloping, and a halt was ordered.

"Any moonshining about here?" we asked of a man in the road.

"Not as I knows on," was the answer.

"Show us where that still is, or I'll end your career in a jiffy!" cried WHITAKER.

"All right, Sir, all right," said the countryman. "Follow me, and I'll take you thar."

We followed, and, half a mile on, heard the sound of wood-chopping. Our guide was released. Peering through the bushes, we saw an old man chopping wood. Beyond him we could see a small wooden house, probably eighteen by twenty feet in size, and not more than nine feet high. A drove of hogs grazed between the axe-man and the house. Understanding their fondness for refuse matter, we felt sure that an illicit still was near. In order to reach the axe-man we had to descend a hill-side five or six hundred feet deep, clinging to bushes as we went. When the axe-man was reached, WYATT said, "How d'ye, stranger?"

"Morning," answered the one addressed.

"Old boy, how's moonshine?" continued WYATT.

"Thar's none 'bout here, Sir."

"Ain't that a still-house?"

"No, Siree; not as I knows of."

"Whose hogs are those?"

"Mine."

"What is your name?"

"PEARL, Sir—JEEMS PEARL."

"Aha!" continued WYATT; "so that's not your house, but them's your hogs. A sort of PEARL among swine, you'd have us think—eh? Guess that's the house Jack built. Burst that door, WALTER."

The last remark was addressed to WHITAKER, who thereupon forced open the door. A glance within disclosed a still and fourteen mash-tubs, and nearer inspection revealed many other things necessary for making whiskey. Two gallons of pure moonshine were rooted out of concealment, and so were numerous sacks of corn meal, some malt, and a quantity of corn. Fourteen tubs contained mash and beer, and an eighty-five-gallon still reposed on the dying embers of a recent fire. WHITAKER remaining to guard the prisoners, WYATT left for the purpose of securing a yoke of oxen to carry the meal, etc., to the nearest station, from there to be taken to Louisville on the railroad.

On the way he met WILLIAM WAKEFIELD, an old man of seventy-eight. He acknowledged himself to be the owner of the land on which the still was situated, and was therefore arrested. Obtaining the necessary oxen, WYATT returned, and left the prisoner CARTER in charge of them for a few minutes. He had scarcely been absent a quarter of an hour when two men, springing out of the bushes, pointed pistols at CARTER's head, and bade him set free the oxen, also cursing him roundly for being with the officers. CARTER explained that his coming had been compulsory, and watching his opportunity to escape, seized upon a moment when the new-comers were engaged in conversation, and darted behind the oxen, at the same time crying, lustily,

"ED! ED! quick—quick, this way!"

The marshal heard the call, and fearing trouble, came rushing through the bushes with pistols pointed and hammers raised. The two strangers, hearing him approaching, ran for dear life, disappearing behind a cliff just as he came in view of their flying forms.

Without further trouble prisoners and booty were removed to Big Clifty, the nearest railroad station, and thence taken to Louisville.

The last still-house was built upon a stream of water at the foot of two mountains. Great high cliffs overhung both sides, and were covered thickly with laurel bushes. All in all, its situation was truly grand and picturesque—a wild, weird spot, its like seldom seen any where, and perhaps nowhere else in Kentucky. It was just the place for the business, and of course extremely valuable to the owner.

And thus is the moonshiner hunted down by the minions of the law. The cost of his capture far exceeds any benefit the government derives from the sale of his wares. The statutes cause his punishment to be confinement in jail, and here, instead of obtaining any benefit which might accrue from his labor were he compelled to toil as those sentenced to penal servitude, the government pays out seventy-five cents each day to the civil authorities for his board and lodging. This is necessary, that those who are honest and pay license may be protected. At present there is as much moonshining going on in Kentucky as has existed for years. Many stills have been erected recently, and if report be true, there are many to follow.

IN AUTUMNS LONG AGO.

THE hills were veiled in purple mist,
The trees set as a zone of gold,
And far away as eye could reach
The still green prairie onward rolled.
The sky was blue as blue could be,
The cotton fields were white as snow:
Oh, what a trance of joy had we
In autumns long ago!

Two happy children on a hill,
And seeing in the sunset clouds
Haroun's enchanted city loom
'Mid seas all white with fairy shrouds,
We gazed till all the golden depths
Held Bagdad's splendid pomp and glow:
The scents of Samarcand embalm
The autumns long ago.

We were so earnest as we planned
Such lives as never could have been—
Lives like some gorgeous phantasy
With words of love dropped in between.
I've had as foolish plans since then,
Yet wanting all the warmth and glow
That made life an enchanted dream
In autumns long ago.

Oh, could I see with those same eyes,
Or wave again the magic wand
That set among the sunset skies
The palaces of fairy-land,
We'd walk once more in scented grass,
And feel the cool Gulf breezes blow.
Love! half life's glory died with thee,
One autumn long ago.

O young brave heart that trod alone
The wondrous road so dim and cold!
How did thy small feet find their way
To that fair land with streets of gold?
For, far beyond the sunset clouds,
And far beyond all lands I know,
Thy sweet soul passed, and left me here,
One autumn long ago.

Some day I shall feel tired of life,
And, full of rest from head to feet,
Shall fall on sleep, and wait for thee
To lead me up the golden street.
Oh, then, beloved, our hopes and dreams
Shall all to sweet completion grow,
And we shall link eternal joys
With autumns long ago.

THE WORSHIP OF SATURN IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

THE malevolent power of the god Sani, the Hindoo Saturn, is an essential part of the Hindoo faith. The sacred writings abound with instances of his implacable hatred to mankind. We have various sources of information as to the character ascribed to this deity; the accounts drawn from which, though now differing much in detail, seem to denote a common origin. In Greek mythology, Saturn is the son of Heaven and Earth, a deposed ruler of the gods. According to the view of Ptolemy and the astrological writers, he is the "supremest or highest of the planets, placed between Jupiter and the firmament, and governor of the airy triplicity." When joined by an evil aspect to the ascendant, he causes sickness, family affliction, accidents, falls, and bruises. The mind becomes dull and heavy under his influence; the body suffers lingering diseases, coughs, colds, phlegmatic complaints, and low fevers. When ill-dignified he is envious, covetous, jealous and mistrustful, timorous, sordid, dissembling, sluggish, suspicious, stubborn, a contemner of women, a liar, malicious, murmuring, never contented, and ever repining.

This cheerful character is not inconsistent with the mythological accounts of either branch of the Aryan race. The use among ourselves of the adjective saturnine indicates a sullen and gloomy disposition. The Grecian Saturn mutilated his father and devoured his children. But the Hindoo Saturn delights in acts of wanton cruelty and mischief, pursues his victim with the ferocity and relentlessness of a blood-hound, and seldom quits his prey until the utmost wretchedness has been attained. It is very remarkable, however, that the power of Sani is not supposed to extend to the deprivation of life. In this there is a remarkable resemblance to the Satan of the Book of Job. Sani oppresses his victims for a longer or shorter period, but never longer than seven years and a half, which is the maximum period of the duration of his malevolence, according to the Hindoos. According to Ptolemy, his three periods are thirty, forty-three and a half, and fifty-seven years; and his greatest term, referring to states, buildings, and matters of a permanent nature, is 465 years. It is useless to attempt any escape from misfortune so long as Sani is against us. His power extends over the heavens, the earth, the sea, and the regions below the earth, and all beings, created or uncreated, mortal or immortal, are liable to the wrath of this terrible being. Siva, the first person of the Hindoo triad, was driven into madness by Sani, and, decked with living serpents and human bones, danced with demons amid graves. Vishnu was tied to a rice mortar by shepherdesses for having, at Sani's instigation, stolen butter and ghee. Subramania was changed into a Vengai-tree by the same power while paying his addresses to a Kurava damsel. Vigneswara, when an infant, had his head burned up by the evil glances of Sani—a legend recalling the malocchio, or evil-eye, of the Italians, which Pius IX. is believed to possess.

The most noted instance of the persistent malice of Sani is the theme of the splendid episode of the Maha Bharata—the adventures of Nala and Damayanti. Resenting the preference shown by the latter for the former, Sani first incited Nala to gamble away his kingdom, and then turned the pair, penniless and forlorn, into the desert, where he brought on them a series of

misfortunes, the recital of which strikes the reader with horror. It would be difficult to find a parallel tale in any other literature, containing so much misery and terror, with such conjugal fidelity and unbending fortitude. There is a temple dedicated to Sani at Kutchanur, in the southwestern part of the Madura district. Like all edifices of this nature, it is divided into the three portions of outer apartment, holy place, and cella, or *sanctum sanctorum*. The image of Sani is mounted on a gigantic crow. His ministers are Brahman priests, and his ministrations resemble those of other Brahmanical pagodas, with the exception that no Dasis, or vestals, are attached to the temples of Saturn. A great festival of three days' duration is held, commencing on the 18th of Adi each year, in honor of the misogynist god, on which, contrary to the usual custom, all the worshipers are feasted at the expense of the temple, although the offerings made far exceed the amount of the expenditure. Sheep, poultry, rice, camphor, plantains, and artificial flowers made of gold and silver are offered. The animals are brought alive, and are sold by auction by the priests on the third day of the feast. The special peculiarity of the rite is that all the worshipers earnestly supplicate, not the presence, but the absence of the god, and beseech him never to visit their homes, or to turn the evil light of his countenance upon them. The mother crow in the old Greek fable may, however, be credited with more sagacity than these worshipers of Sani, when she replied to the request of her sick son that she should pray for his recovery,

"Better not your case to mention
Than attract the gods' attention."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 21.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 28.—St. Simon and St. Jude; Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

Much interest attaches to the present session of the Protestant Episcopal Triennial Convention in Boston, which began on the 3d of October, from the fact that this body has never before met there. The Convention has charge of a prosperous Church. The last report, to the close of 1876, showed forty-five dioceses, ten missionary jurisdictions, fifty-nine bishops, 3171 priests and deacons, 2900 parishes, 42,031 baptisms, 26,761 confirmations, 268,534 communicants, 26,429 Sunday-school teachers, 245,397 scholars, and contributions to the amount of $6,539,927. The subjects likely to come before the Convention are numerous. Among them are the change of the name of the Church; the Pan-Anglican Synod; the preparation of versions of the Book of Common Prayer in the languages of Southern and Central Europe; provincial synods; the division of the large dioceses in the Western States, such as Iowa and Illinois; missions, home and foreign. Arrangements have been made for numerous missionary meetings during the sitting of the Convention. On the morning of October 3 the spacious Trinity Church was filled with the clergy and laity in attendance. The sermon was delivered by Bishop Williams, of Connecticut. After the opening services the lay deputies adjourned to Emanuel Church for the transaction of business. The bishops will meet daily in the chapel of Trinity Church.

Mr. Moody has begun his fall and winter campaign in Vermont. At a conference held with a number of the pastors of the State at Bellows Falls, he stated that he wished to labor at four or five points, "and thought it best to stay a month in a place, and influence the whole State by kindling a few central fires." Applications were at once made from St. Albans, Rutland, Middlebury, Burlington, Bellows Falls, and other towns. Mr. Moody decided to begin with the three largest, having as co-operators Major Whittle and Mr. Needham. An executive committee, at the head of which is Colonel F. Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, has been appointed to co-operate with him.

The Rev. Otis Gibson, the head of the Methodist missions to the Chinese in San Francisco, and the stanch friend of the Chinaman, shows no inclination to surrender to the "hoodlums" of that city. At the meeting of his Conference in Oakland he said he had "heard it intimated that he had a soft position. During these soft times he had offered up two prayers; one was that he might never have to shoot a man, and the other was that in case he should, the Lord would assist him to shoot straight. He had fifty Chinese under his charge, and he believed it would be his duty to defend them as long as his powder lasted, and, under the circumstances, that was the sort of evangelist he was."

The Rev. George F. Pentecost maintains his position most vigorously against the Boston North Baptist Association. In a sermon delivered September 23 to his people he reviewed the Association's proceedings. He closed by saying: "I do not wish to see this society isolated from the federacy of the churches. I wish, if you feel that the way is open for a compromise, or if you think that you are mistaken in your views, that you may bring about a reconciliation. As for myself, I can not yield my convictions; I can not disclaim what I believe." Hereupon he offered his resignation as pastor, in order to relieve the church of all embarrassment. The church unanimously declined to accept the resignation.

James Roosevelt Bayley, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore, and, next to Orestes A. Brownson, the most distinguished of the Americans who have passed over from Protestantism to Romanism within the last forty years, died in Newark, New Jersey, October 3. He was of an old New York family, his father and grandfather having both been distinguished medical practitioners in this city. Educated originally for the ministry in the Protestant Episcopal Church, he was for a time (1840-41) rector in Harlem. Here his theological opinions began to change, and, resigning his position, he went to Rome, where he was, in 1842, received into the Roman Catholic Church. He attended the St. Sulpice Seminary, Paris, and prepared there for holy orders. In 1843 he was ordained priest at New York by Archbishop Hughes. After a brief service as pastor, he became the private secretary of the archbishop. In 1853 he was consecrated the first bishop of the diocese of Newark. In this field of labor Bishop Bayley displayed great administrative ability; his diocese prospered in every direction. Availing himself of the strength added to Catholicism by the inflow of its adherents from Europe, he organized churches, schools, and convents; the religious brotherhoods were welcomed, and founded homes within the limits of his jurisdiction. Upon the death of Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, Bishop Bayley was, in 1872, appointed his successor. Very soon after his accession to this see—the most important of his Church in the United States—his health began to decline. He travelled much abroad in search of relief, and made his last trip to Europe the present year. No improvement was perceptible, and after his return home he failed rapidly. Archbishop Bayley was distinguished for the variousness and elegance of his culture. He published during his life a *Sketch of the History of the Catholic Church in New York*; *Memoirs of Simon Gabriel Bruté, first Bishop of Vincennes*; and *Pastorals for the People*. He was a nephew of Mrs. Seton, the founder of the order of the "Sisters of Charity," and his remains were taken to Emmittsburg, Maryland, and deposited in a grave by the side of hers.

The newest "way to collect old debts" was illustrated a short time ago by a clergyman of the English Church. He—the vicar of Kirk-Oswald—kept a funeral procession standing in the rain in the grave-yard "until his claim was satisfied." The claim was for £2 11s.; 10s. of this was for burial fees for the father of the deceased person, "and £1 10s. was for repayment of an overcharge which he alleged the brothers of the widow of the deceased had made upon him in the purchase of some butter." However, this time the parties plucked up courage and sued the vicar for illegal exaction, and he was glad to settle by repaying the £2, and £5 in addition as damages.

Recent events in the Protestant Church of Prussia show that the liberal party, even if a minority, does not lack in courage. Most fortunately the reaction among the clergy since 1848 has been toward orthodoxy; they find, too, that they have a firm friend in the Emperor. The surprise occasioned in the Berlin Synod by a declaration from the Rev. A. Rhode against the Apostles' Creed as obsolete has been followed by another. The Rev. H. Hossbach, an avowed freethinker, was lately elected, by a latitudinarian majority, the incumbent of St. Jacob's, Berlin. These same liberals are not church-goers, and when the new pastor appeared to preach in his church, he was confronted by an orthodox assemblage. He tried to be conciliatory, but some of his liberal statements being offensive, his hearers abruptly left him in the midst of his sermon. Of the 25,742,404 inhabitants of Prussia, 16,636,990 belong to the Evangelical National Church, 8,625,840 are Catholics, 339,790 are Jews, and the rest Moravians, Irvingites, Baptists, etc.

The London *Times*, *Guardian*, and other papers give much of their space to correspondence on the "burials' question," which promises to occupy a large share of the public attention when Parliament meets again. Canon Ridley's proposal that the clergy of the state Church yield their opposition is not received with much favor. The argument which has the most weight with Churchmen is that "if the church-yards are thrown open as national property to the Nonconformists, the next demand will be for throwing open the churches to them." They fear the logical consequences of a Nonconformist triumph. On the other hand, Mr. Osborne Morgan, the author of the much-dreaded bill, has during the recess spoken with great confidence to his constituents of the prospect of final success. He has expressed the opinion that the opposition to the Nonconformist demand "was nearly played out. The government last session had tried to settle the question over the heads of the Liberals. They had been beaten on their own ground, vanquished, not by political Dissenters, but by Conservative peers and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. Lord Harrowby's amendment was nothing more nor less than his own bill; and armed with the decision of the House of Lords, and strong in the inherent justice of his cause, he should take the earliest opportunity of testing the opinion of the other House on the subject next session, and he hoped the result would be that the burials question would be settled forever."

The San Francisco *Bulletin* states that the steamer *City of Peking*, which sailed on September 14 from that port, "carried the largest group of missionaries that has ever left at one time. They were seven in number, besides a Japanese lady who is returning to her native land. A general union meeting of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches was held to hear from the missionaries and bid them God speed on their journey."

The annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Pennsylvania, at East Liberty (Pittsburgh), was an occasion of unusual interest. The number of Associations in the State is large—172. As many as 320 young men spent, during the year, from two days to one month in district work. Special attention was given by the Convention to Associations among railroad men, of whom there are now 800,000 in the United States. It was stated that at "Altoona there is an Association, and that during the strike the members of it conducted themselves well. These Christian men were the conservative element, and endeavored to restrain any acts of violence." Mr. W. R. Davenport, an old railroad man, gave the testimony that "during the Pennsylvania railroad strike the Christian men were those upon whom the railroad officers relied. The most influential men were the Christians, and their influence was greatly felt." If these statements are correct, railway companies will do well to encourage the formation of Christian Associations among their numerous workmen.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It seems that the operation of the compulsory education law, by which the attendance of children upon some school may be enforced, is embarrassed in New York by the fact that there is a large class of children whose parents are too poor to give them food and decent clothing to attend the public school. If those unfortunates attend the schools in the rags that are all they have to wear, they are objectionable to the other children, and themselves suffer too much from mortification to profit by the advantage. To aid such, a society has been incorporated, named the "Public Schools Aid Society"—office, 17 Bible House. Its special work is to investigate cases of non-attendance of children between eight and fourteen years of age upon the public schools, and where extreme indigence is the cause, to furnish food and clothing sufficient to enable the child to comply with the law. This society is now organized, and ready to receive and apply the contributions of those who are interested to aid the general object, which certainly is a worthy one.

Mrs. Hemans's poem beginning, "The boy stood on the burning deck," is familiar to every school-boy; but the history of the little hero thus immortalized is not so generally known. Owen Casabianca, a native of Corsica, was born in 1788. His father was a distinguished French politician and naval commander, and his mother a beautiful Corsican lady. But she died young, and little Owen went with his father to serve in a war vessel. He was made midshipman, and at the early age of ten participated with his father in the battle of the Nile. The ship caught fire during the action, and Captain Casabianca, wounded, was lying insensible upon the deck, while the brave boy, unconscious of his father's fate, held his post at the battery. The flames raged around him; the crew fled one by one, and urged the lad to do the same; but he refused to desert his post, and fought on until the whole vessel was flaming. Then, too late, he sought refuge on a floating mast, when, with a tremendous explosion, the *Orient* blew up, and the mangled body of the young hero was afterward found among the wreck.

There is a magnificent orange-tree in the orangery of the palace of Versailles, which is now 450 years old. It is known by the name of the Grand Connétable, or Grand Bourbon, and it grew from some pips of a bitter orange planted in a pot at the commencement of the fifteenth century by Eleanor of Castile, wife of Charles III., King of Navarre. The young plants which sprung from the seed were kept in the same tub at Pampeluna until 1499. In 1684 they were removed to Versailles.

A popular carriage in Japan, although it was invented by an American, is the *Jin-riki-sha*. It is a sort of two-wheeled chaise, of small size, adapted for one person only, and, as its name implies, drawn by men. Ordinarily it is drawn by one man; but if the road is rough, or the journey long, two or three are employed. The coolies who undertake this work really seem to enjoy it. They are strong and capable of great speed. At Yokohama these carriages are very extensively used. They are not expensive, and coolies may be hired for six dollars a month to draw them, the coolies boarding themselves, so that it is not quite so expensive a luxury in Japan as in America to have one's own carriage.

Corea, on the eastern frontier of China, is suffering from a great famine caused by a desolating drought. At Fusan, one of the three Corean ports open to foreign trade, the people are in a terrible state of destitution, which awakens the commiseration of foreigners. The people of the country applied to their government for help, but for a time no attention was paid to the demand. Consequently there was a sort of revolt in Sayool, the capital of Corea, the people threatening force if relief was not afforded. This caused offices for the distribution of food to be established in various places. The supplies of food were purchased in part from Japanese traders, who sold at lower prices to the government; hence the new friendship between two neighboring nations who have long lived in estrangement is increased.

The postal cards which will be used in our country during the coming four years are to be manufactured, according to contract, by the American Phototype Company of New York. The paper upon which the cards are printed is manufactured in Holyoke, Massachusetts. Forty cards can be printed on each sheet at a single impression, and arrangements have been made for the printing, cutting, and packing of about twelve hundred thousand daily. It is estimated that one billion of postal cards will be required within the four years.

The following letter of invitation was sent by Madame Thiers to her friends on the occasion of her husband's death:

"You are requested to attend the funeral service and burial of Monsieur Louis Adolphe Thiers, former President of the Republic, member of the French Academy and of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, ex-Deputy Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, Chevalier of the Golden Fleece, etc., who died at St. Germain-en-Laye September 3, in his eighty-first year. *De profundis*."

A severe experiment was recently made to test the value of bicarbonate of soda in case of burns, by Dr. Waters, when speaking before the Massachusetts Dental Society. Deliberately dipping a sponge into boiling water, the doctor squeezed it over his wrist, producing a severe scald around his arm, and some two inches in width. Then, despite the suffering occasioned, he applied the scalding water to his wrist for half a minute. Bicarbonate of soda was at once dusted over the surface, a wet cloth applied, and the pain, the experimenter stated, was almost instantly deadened. Although the wound was of a nature to be open and painful for a considerable time, on the day following the single application of the soda the less injured portion was practically healed, only a slight discoloration of the skin being perceptible. The severer wound in a few days, with no other treatment than a wet cloth kept over it, showed every sign of a rapid healing.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

He invited her to lunch, and she, being a beautiful young lady, went. She read the bill of fare behind her sweet little fan, and whispered in zephyry accents, "Woodcock on toast." At this announcement it flashed upon his mind that his assets were but seventy-five cents. Something must be done. "Cornelia, do you know what a woodcock is?" he asked. "No, Mr. Spinks," she answered. "Well, then, my dear," said he, "it is as big as a halibut." "Oh, goodness gracious!" exclaimed the charming Cornelia, "then bring me some pork and beans." Spinks winked exultingly at the waiter, and the waiter winked knowingly at him.

Good Suits for Bald-headed Men—Mo'-hair.

"Vill you dake someding?" said a German teetotaler to a friend, while standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Vell, den, let us dake a valk."

A Glasgow antiquary recently visited an old castle, and asked one of the villagers if he knew any thing of an old story about the building. "Ay," said the rustic, "there was anither auld story, but it fell doon lang since."

A great Hardship—An iron steamer.

A father of a two weeks' old baby calls it "Ma's newly discovered satellite."

A new definition of an academy of design is a young ladies' boarding-school.

Mrs. Garlick, of California, is running for school superintendent, and is naturally looked upon as an unusually strong candidate.

Why is Gibraltar one of the most wonderful places in the world?—Because it's always on the rock, but never moves.

A man intruded into an Irishman's shanty the other day. "What do you want?" asked Pat. "Nothing," was the visitor's reply. "Then you'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was."

"Jane, it is eleven o'clock; tell that young man to please shut the front-door from the outside."

A bright boy wants to know if by eating dates enough he will ever become an almanac.

Deacon Rathfel asked his family physician last week: "Doctor, you have had such an extended experience at death-beds, and have seen so many people go hence, that I would like to ask you what class are most resigned and die the happiest." The aged man cleared his throat and said, "Well, deacon, I have not seen so very many deaths, but so far as I have been able to learn, the people who die the happiest are those who are hung."

SPOTTED TAIL GOING TO VISIT HIS GREAT FATHER.

BATTLE OF KARAHASANKOI.

Those of our readers who have followed the manœuvres of the contending armies in the neighborhood of the Lom will be already familiar with the name of Popkoi. This village forms the apex of an isosceles triangle, of which a line drawn between Rasgrad and Eski Djuma may be called the base. Following one side of our triangle in a southwesterly direction from Rasgrad to Popkoi, we come upon the town of Karahasankoi, which gives its name to the great battle of August 30. By following the corresponding line in a southeasterly direction from Popkoi to Eski Djuma, we intersect the village of Kizilar, whose demolition forms the subject of our double-page engraving.

Behind, or rather to the eastward of, Popkoi lies a beautiful valley, surrounded by hills mostly covered with thick brush-wood. These hills extend from a point not far to the eastward of Karahasankoi in a southeasterly direction as far as Balüktepe, a village in the immediate neighborhood of Kizilar. At Balüktepe there are three separate hills or spurs, which terminate the range in that direction, two of them standing well out into the valley. It will only require a moment's reflection to understand the importance of this position, and it is most surprising that the Russians should not have availed themselves of their numerous opportunities to take possession of it. Indeed, as a military correspondent justly remarks, the history of the campaigns might be called a list of *occasions manquées*. So far as we can learn, it was only due to the intelligence of a Circassian chief that this natural fortress was occupied by the Turks. Happening to pass through the valley on a looting expedition, he was so struck with its importance that he took possession and intrenched himself at once, although he had only 400 men with him, and then sent on to Djuma for re-enforcements.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 21st of August, the Russians seem to have suddenly realized their mistake in allowing the Turks to occupy this advanced post, and to have determined to make an effort to dislodge them. Had they advanced six days before, they would have found the ground perfectly clear; nor would they have seen a sign of the enemy even three days earlier, and they would only have had to encounter a very small force; but, as usual, they waited too long. The attack was made early in the day, and was at first attended with a certain amount of success. The Russians advanced in two columns, and succeeded without much difficulty in driving in the Turkish outposts in front of Balüktepe and Sarnesaflar. It would seem, however, that they must have been entirely misinformed as to the natural strength of the position, as well as concerning the numbers of the enemy, for a smart cannonade from only one battery of six guns checked them completely, and then the Turks with a gallant dash retook their advanced positions at the point of the bayonet. The Russians then slowly retired. The Turkish loss was about sixty men killed and wounded. Of these twenty-one belonged to the Polish Legion. They numbered on the ground, all told, only forty-six, so that their loss amounted to nearly fifty per cent.; but one shell happened to pitch just among them, killing five and wounding six, which in a measure accounts for the heavy mortality in that particular corps, if corps it can be called.

It would probably be a more correct view to look upon this attack as merely a reconnaissance in force, an endeavor to feel the strength of the enemy's position. But even so, the manœuvre signally failed, for when the Russians began the business seriously on the following day, they seemed to have been of the opinion that a force of 12,000 men would be sufficient to carry out their plans; at any rate, at first that may fairly be computed as the amount of the attacking force, with fifteen guns—two batteries and a half; but finding that they could make no sensible impression, they sent up reserves to the extent of about 3000 more, and with this number kept up a desultory attack, mainly artillery, for about fifty hours, at the end of which they retired, leaving about 200 bodies on the field. It is quite impossible to call it a battle, for the loss on the Turkish side can not be estimated in all, from Tuesday to Friday inclusive, at more than from 350 to 400 men killed and wounded, while probably the Russian loss may be put down at nearly 1500, and when the duration of the engagement is considered, these numbers can not but be considered quite insignificant. The fact was, the Russian attack was never at any time hearty; for some reason or other they seemed to hang back, and at no time was the Russian artillery able to dominate the Turkish, the attack, which should have been quick, sharp, and heavy, languished, flickered, and expired. So ended the first scene of the struggle.

Quiet reigned throughout the Turkish camp for a few days, but by the end of the week it became apparent that vengeance was preparing for the unsuccessful Russians. The Turks had determined upon an attack. On Sunday, the 26th, Prince Hassan arrived at Eski Djuma with eight battalions of Egyptians and three batteries of artillery. Regiments also marched all the way from Shumla, some twenty-four miles, in ten hours, under a broiling sun, and yet came in looking comparatively fresh and ready for action. Late in the afternoon a *cortège* was seen advancing from the same direction, which on nearer view proved to be Mehemet Ali, attended by his staff. After a hurried interview with Prince Hassan the commander-in-chief returned to his carriage, and was driven rapidly away. Then followed preparations for immediate departure. Two regiments struck their tents and were off in less than an hour. The remainder were to march at night. At dusk the artillery began to move forward, and as the
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THE BATTLE OF KARAHASANKOI—TURKISH

TURKISH [INF]ANTRY STORMING THE VILLAGE OF KIZILAR.

[a]nd as the [...] [ar]tillery cleared the camp,
rose, rou[nd ...] [...]red over the hills of
All night [...] [re]giment after regiment
[...]ne and sil[ently de]parted, all taking the
[o]f the hig[h ...] [...]al hill to the northwest
[...]juma, wh[ich ind]icates the position of
[...] village to [the no]rthwest of Karahasan-
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[we]ek previo[us ...]re the whole Turkish
[...]e soon ass[...]
[...] afternoon [...] [We]dnesday, the 29th, the
[we]re ordere[d to m]ove out, and take up

their positions under cover of the woods on the face of the hills looking toward Popkoi and Haidarkoi. As battalion after battalion marched away, it was easy to see that something important was intended for the next day; and so it proved. Soon after daybreak on Thursday morning, the 30th of August, the marshal commanding in chief, with Prince Hassan commanding the forces at Yenikoi, Sabli Pasha commanding the division under the prince, General Baker Pasha, and their respective staffs, rode up the mountain to the right, and took up their position just under the crest. The details of the plan which it was proposed to put in execution now became apparent. The main object was to drive the Russians from their advanced positions on the Lom in front of the Turkish army to Rasgrad, namely, from Sadana to Kosekoi, and to do as much more as an advance from the now strongly held position at Yenikoi might enable them to accomplish. With this intention it had been arranged that Nedjib Pasha should advance from Adakoi with three brigades of infantry and one in reserve, two batteries of artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry; while Sabit Pasha, acting under the orders of Sabli Pasha, should hold himself in readiness to advance from Yenikoi so soon as Nedjib had advanced to Karahasankoi with two brigades of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry.

The above statements have been culled from information received from various reliable sources regarding the positions of the opposing armies just previous to the bloody struggle of Karahasankoi. We now proceed to give an account of the battle as it is described by a capable and trustworthy eye-witness, a correspondent travelling under the escort of the Turkish army. His graphic and very interesting story of this important battle, which we take the liberty of somewhat condensing, is as follows:

"From the elevated position where we were placed we could see the whole distinctly as far as Rasgrad on our right, and away beyond Osman Bazar on our left, and we also could see down into the Russian camps and batteries on the heights beyond Popkoi, so that the entire battle-field was before us; but there were two great disadvantages attendant upon the height of our eyrie which went far to mitigate the benefits of such an extended view.

"As we scan the scene before us, it is clear that yesterday's continuous movement of troops has not passed entirely unnoticed, and that they are prepared for something, but it would seem that they do not exactly know what, and that they have no clear idea from whence the attack will proceed. The advantage of this state of things was obvious, and probably had a considerable effect in assisting the Turks to obtain the very successful results which crowned their efforts, as I am sure that throughout the day the Russians were outnumbered. Still, in fairness to the Turks, it must be remembered that the enemy were intrenched in positions of great natural strength. The enemy's cavalry are prowling about all over the plain, as if anxious to discover what the Turks intend doing, for I have no doubt, so far as they had an opinion, it was that the attack would come from Yenikoi. All doubt on the subject was cleared up, however, when about nine o'clock the Russian batteries in rear of Sadana opened fire on the advancing Turks. Nedjib rapidly brought his artillery into play, and the Russians, being apparently weak, made but a slight resistance. The village took fire about half past ten, and almost immediately after we could see the Russians retiring gradually along the road under the hills upon Karahasankoi. Their guns were well and steadily handled—indeed, the artillery practice on both sides was in the main remarkably good. As we watched the clouds of dust which marked the retreating columns, every now and then we saw the guns take up a favorable position, unlimber, and throw two or three rounds among the advancing skirmishers. These never flinched, however, but steadily crept along, apparently at the same even pace. Sadana was entered and passed—for they halted not a moment there—at half past eleven; and now the Russian batteries open upon them from the rear of Kütebelar, but to no purpose. The Turks reply with energy, the village is soon in flames, and again the enemy fall back, this time, as it seems to us, rather precipitately.

"Once, however, under the protection of the batteries of Karahasankoi, they seem determined to make the best of a very strong position, and it begins to look for the first time as though the issue of the struggle were doubtful. The Turks are clearly brought to a dead halt. How can they advance against that storm of shell, as well as the deadly precision of the fire of the Russian skirmishers? But we know that Nedjib has another brigade in reserve, and we look every moment for its arrival, but it never comes. The excitement becomes intense, for well we know that no troops in the world can long withstand such a fire as that, and then on the left we see some clouds of dust, denoting Russian movements of some kind, and we anxiously ask one another what it can be. At last we make them out; they are re-enforcements consisting of a regiment of both infantry and cavalry coming out from behind the point of the hill at the back of Karahasankoi, and, descending boldly into the valley, they will shortly threaten the left flank of Nedjib's attacking force. We see the commander-in-chief look grave. He confers with Prince Hassan. They peer longingly to the right for the brigade which ought now to be swinging to the front, but it is not there. The moments are precious. Those poor fellows over against us are doing their best, but they are at last clearly overmatched. They have been at it ever since about five o'clock this morning. The heat is intense. They can clearly no longer hold their own. We fear the result, when, looking down beneath us we see Sabit's brigade, not where it was in the morning, hidden away under cover of the spurs of the mountains around us, but dashing with all the ardor of fresh troops across the plain. Away they go in really fine style, the Egyptians on the left making for Haidarkoi, while the Turks on the right go straight at Karahasankoi. Now the battery to the right rear of Haidarkoi opens with precision on the advancing Egyptians, and their mettle is likely to be soon well tried. But we too have a battery of two guns on a spur beneath us, and, better than all, another of three guns on the crag just above our heads, and these now deliver a rapid and well-directed fire right into the Russian battery.

"At this moment the excitement increases; the never-ceasing crack of the rifles from beneath us, the roar of the guns around us, the hundred puffs of smoke all over the field, which tell of a deadly fire we can not hear, show that the struggle is at its height. Baker Pasha jumps up and suggests a flank movement on a portion of the enemy's line, and disappears to carry it out. He takes a battalion of infantry in hand, and away he goes straight at the enemy. Our battery on the heights ultimately decides the day, for the Russian battery at Haidarkoi can not stand six rounds. We see the horses come galloping in from the rear, and one gun is limbered up and off. Before the other two can get away, the last Turkish shell explodes under one of them, and hurls the whole into space. The Egyptians rattle into Haidarkoi, where the Turks from the left of Sabit's corps join them, and away they make for Popkoi. And now we see the camp at Popkoi disappearing as if by magic, and the heavy clouds of dust winding away behind the hill tell us that at last the day is ours."

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AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"SICK, SICK TO THE HEART OF LIFE, AM I."

"Have you thought of the danger to yourself?" asked the doctor, startled by Cyril's proposition.

"I do not care about the danger—if there be any."

"There may be danger. You have been working night and day. You are by no means a patient I should consider able to lose several ounces of blood with impunity. You had better abandon the idea, Mr. Culverhouse. Your life is more valuable than that poor fellow's yonder."

"I beg your pardon," said Cyril. "That young man is all the world to his widowed mother. I am all the world to nobody."

"But you are valuable to a great number of people. Think how much good you have already done in this heathenish town. And you may go on being useful to your fellow-men for the next fifty years, if you do not waste your strength and health upon some benevolent folly. Joyce is in the hands of Providence. Medicine has done all that it can for him."

"Medicine. Yes—meaning drugs. But science has done nothing. I believe that science can save him. Will you perform this operation, Mr. Saunders, yes or no?"

"What if I say no?"

"I shall go to every doctor in Bridford—down to the cattle doctors—till I find the man who will do it."

"By the time you get to the end of your journey poor Joyce will be gone. But come, if you are absolutely bent upon this— Stay, let me feel your pulse. So. Strong and full. Yes, I think we might risk it. But you must have a cab ready at the end of the alley to take you home. You will be weak and faint after the operation."

"I'll go and get a cab while you go and get a glass tube for the transfusion. There is no time to be lost. If that poor fellow sinks into a state of collapse, our efforts will be useless."

Mr. Saunders went off to his surgery, which was not far off, to fetch all that was required for the experiment. He was governed and impelled by a firmer spirit than his own, or he would hardly have done this thing.

"I ought not to do it on my own responsibility," he said to himself. "Suppose both men were to die, and there were an outcry against me in the newspapers. I should be ruined. If the air gets into the veins of either subject he is a dead man. I must have some one with me. Old Bolling would do. He's just the man. He would cut off a patient's head for the sake of an experiment, if the chances of his putting it on again properly were as one in fifty. He has killed more patients and made more wonderful cures than any doctor in the north of England."

Fortunately, Dr. Bolling's abode was not very remote. It was a shabby old square red brick house in the market-place, and had never been painted outside or inside within the memory of man. It was a house of about twenty rooms. Old Bolling lived in two of them, and his housekeeper occupied a third. Rats, mice, spiders, beetles, and such small deer had free warren in all the others. There was a very fine breed of cock-chafers on which the old physician rather prided himself. In the summer evenings they got into his lamp and candles, and made his dingy old surgery musical. The furniture was a miracle of antiquity and ugliness; tables as thick as tombstones, chairs that only a strong man could move, horse-hair and moreen upholstery so interpenetrated with dust that brushing or beating would have been useless. Perhaps that is why the old housekeeper never attempted either process.

Dr. Bolling seemed to have left off having his windows cleaned at some early period of his professional career. Perhaps the subdued light which crept through his opaque and smoke-darkened panes suited him, just as smoke-colored spectacles suit some people's eyes. The housekeeper had left off suggesting that the windows would be better for cleaning.

"What's the use?" Dr. Bolling had asked years ago, when she hinted that the operation would improve the general appearance of his house. "They'd get dirty again, wouldn't they?"

"Certainly," agreed the housekeeper. "They'd get dirty again—after a time."

"Of course, and we should be no better off than we are now. I should have spent money on cleaning them for no purpose. Besides, if the windows were clean my old furniture might look shabby. Now in this tempered light it looks uncommonly well."

Common report declared that Dr. Bolling was a miser. The popular mind reasoned in this wise—that no man who was not a miser would live in one corner of a dirty old house, wear clothes too shabby for a Jew peddler to chaffer for, and trot to and fro on his own feet from morning till night, when he could have afforded to make his house spick and span from basement to garret, clothe himself like a gentleman, and drive about in a handsome carriage and pair. But the actual fact was that Dr. Bolling did not care about fine furniture or good broadcloth, and that he liked to use his own legs better than to sit behind a pair of horses. He was a creature of habit. His mind was in his professional work. He lived only for science. In the Middle Ages he would have shut himself up in a laboratory and made all manner of uncanny experiments with retorts, and crucibles, and alembics, and much waste of quicksilver. In our enlightened age he confined his experiments to other people's bodies. He was a marvel of cleverness, experience, enthusiasm, but in Bridford he did not stand nearly so high as Dr. Simper, who wore unexceptionable black, drove a smart brougham in winter and a smarter curricle in summer, and had his shirts starched by a French laundress.

Lights were shining through the round holes in Dr. Bolling's shutters, when Mr. Saunders got to his door.

"That's lucky," thought the parish doctor. "The old man is in his surgery."

He rang, and the door was opened by Dr. Bolling himself, a shriveled little man with a black velvet skull-cap on the top of his bald head.

"Ah, Saunders, come in. Any thing wrong?"

"A poor fellow dying of cholera, that's all."

"That's bad. I've tried every thing; but though I've pulled a good many of my patients through, I'm not satisfied that I know much about the disease. There must be a cure. Every poison has its antidote."

"Have you ever tried transfusion?"

"In cholera? No. I've done it in cases of severe hemorrhage—and successfully."

"I want you to do it to-night."

And then the parish doctor told Dr. Bolling about Emmanuel Joyce, and the curate's offer.

"Is your curate a strong man?"

"I should take him to be a healthy man. He has been wasting his strength a good deal lately in attendance upon the sick. But I should judge him to be a fair subject for the experiment."

"We'll try it," said the old man, his small wizened face bright with energy and mind. "I've known of its being tried in cholera cases. It was done largely in Russia. Yes, I should like to see the effect. Cholera is a deterioration of the blood, and a supply of fresh healthy blood— Yes, I'll do it."

There was no more time lost in discussion. Dr. Bolling went to one of the roomy old closets in his surgery and fished out a particular form of syringe; armed with this and his pocket instrument case he was ready.

The two doctors saw a cab waiting at the mouth of the alley, and they found Cyril Culverhouse standing in the doorway of the house that sheltered the Joyces. They all three went in together.

Half an hour afterward Cyril came out of that crowded den, very pale, and leaning on the parish doctor's arm. The operation had been performed. Dr. Bolling was remaining to watch the patient. He was going to stay all night. Nobody knew better than Dr. Bolling's gratis patients whether or not the physician was a miser. He was no niggard either of his time or his money when their welfare was at stake. He would give as much attention to the case of a pauper infant—a little half-fledged life that was positively valueless from the political economist's point of view—as he would have given to a hypochondriacal duchess.

Mr. Saunders accompanied Cyril home to his lodgings—comfortable rooms in a queer old paneled house in a dull narrow street shadowed by the gloomy stone wall of the parish church. The rooms Cyril occupied were large, tidily furnished in an old-fashioned heterogeneous way, and scrupulously clean. The landlady was what is usually called a motherly person, which seems to mean a women whose easy temper has run into fat. She had let her lodgings to curates for the last thirty years, her husband, as parish clerk, having a vested right to church patronage. She was of a soft and affectionate nature, and not being blessed with children of her own, lavished all her maternal feeling upon the beardless or newly bearded youths who succeeded one another, in an endless procession, as occupants of her roomy first floor.

Lively curates had objected to the gloom of the dusky old paneled rooms, with their deep window-seats and narrow windows. Aristocratic curates had felt their personal dignity endangered by the shabbiness of this narrow side street; but no curate had ever been able to resist the insinuations of Mrs. Podmore's maternal affection. They might complain, but they could not leave her. She shed tears at the least hint of such a desertion—and what curate, rightly minded, could resist a woman's tears?

In her earlier life Mrs. Podmore had been able to "do for" her curates, as she called it, with her own unassisted labor. She had cooked for them—and Mrs. Podmore's cookery was one of the charms by which she subjugated the clerical mind. She had kept their rooms clean and neat, and had even looked to their shirt buttons and darned their socks. But with advancing years and increasing obesity, Mrs. Podmore found herself compelled to take "a girl," and a series of neat-handed Phillises followed one another in procession, like the curates. Mrs. Podmore's requirements were high, and she demanded an amount of virtue and industry from the genus girl which very few specimens of that class were able to maintain for more than a twelvemonth at a stretch. Either the girl was saucy, and "answered" when Mrs. Podmore reproved her, or she was slovenly, and left the flue in the corners of the rooms, or she was that fearful animal, a breaker, and heralded her approach by a crash of dropped crockery or a shiver of smashed glass. For the period of her service, however, Mrs. Podmore's girl was always neat and pleasant to see. She was generally fresh-colored, and wore lavender gowns rolled up above the elbow, and her elbows, as a rule, were rosier than Aurora's fingers. To the curates she was rarely saucy. They did not try her temper so severely as Mrs. Podmore tried it.

In these quiet old-world lodgings Cyril Culverhouse awoke on the morning after the experiment. The bells were ringing for the early morning service. Cyril's usual hour for rising was full an hour earlier. To-day it was only the sound of the bells close at hand that awakened him. When he tried to lift his head from the pillow it was as heavy as lead.

"I'm afraid I'm going to be ill," he thought.

He got up, took his cold bath—which revived him a little—struggled into his clothes, feeling weak and giddy and miserable all the while, and ran across to the church. The choir boys were filing into the chancel as he got to the vestry. The Vicar was looking glum.

"I say, Culverhouse, as this early service is your fad, you might at least be punctual," he grumbled, as Cyril was pulling on his surplice.

"I'm sorry to be late—but I don't feel well this morning."

"Eh? Nothing bad, I hope? You're as white as your surplice. You go too much among those poor creatures. Very proper, of course; but a man owes something to himself, even if he hasn't a wife and family to consider."

Cyril got through his portion of the service somehow; but the gray old church walls, the monuments to departed citizens, the draped females leaning upon anchors, the chubby cherubs blowing trumpets, the urns and tablets, danced before his eyes in a bewildering whirl. He hardly knew what he was reading. His own voice had a far-away sound, as if it belonged to some one else, or were the echo of words he read yesterday. He had a curious confusion of mind about times and seasons, and could not have told whether it was winter or summer.

"I'm afraid I shall not be able to attend to my parish work this afternoon," he said, when the service was over.

"No, no, my dear fellow," answered the Vicar, heartily. "Go home and rest. You've worked hard enough to have earned a few days' repose. I dare say that will set you right."

Cyril went home, and threw himself down on his bed, and lay there, helpless, inert, no one knowing any thing about him, till Sarah, the maid-of-all-work, came at six o'clock to lay the table for his frugal dinner. Sitting-room and bedroom adjoined. Cyril had left the door open, and Sarah was startled at seeing him lying on his bed, dressed as he had come in from the church.

"I hope you are not ill, Sir," said Sarah.

Cyril gave her a strange, rambling kind of answer. She ran quickly down, and told Mrs. Podmore that Mr. Culverhouse had gone out of his mind. He was lying on his bed, and talking so queerly. The landlady waddled slowly up stairs, halting to breathe at every landing, anxious, but too fat to travel fast, even if the house had been blazing. Just as she reached the first floor the street door bell rang. Sarah ran down to answer it, and found herself face to face with Mr. Saunders.

"Oh, Sir, how lucky you've come!" exclaimed the girl; "Mr. Culverhouse has gone out of his mind."

"Nonsense, girl."

The doctor ran up stairs and sat down by Cyril's bed. He found him very weak, and with a good deal of fever about him. He answered Mr. Saunders's questions with difficulty, and had a distressed and anxious look about his brow and eyes.

"I've some good news for you," said the doctor, cheerily. "Emmanuel Joyce rallied considerably during the night, and it's Bolling's opinion that he'll mend."

"I am very glad of that," said Cyril, faintly.

"Now, how about nursing?" inquired Mr. Saunders; "this is a case of exhaustion and low fever. Mr. Culverhouse has been overworking himself lately, and he's thoroughly worn out. He will want a great deal of care. Good nursing will be important."

"As far as my strength will let me he shall have every care," protested Mrs. Podmore. "But I can't boast of a strong constitution, and I'm troubled with my breath if I move about much. But as to beef tea, and chicken broth, and jelly, I can make them as well as any one."

"Beef tea and broth will be wanted; but the chief thing is to see that he takes them. He must have nourishment every half hour. Look here, my good girl, you must help your mistress to nurse this gentleman day and night, till we can get a professional nurse."

"Yes, Sir," said Sarah.

"I can make up a bed on the sitting-room sofa," said Mrs. Podmore, "so as to be always close at hand."

"Yes, but that won't be much use if you're a heavy sleeper," answered the doctor.

"I'm a very light sleeper, Sir. I sometimes hear the church clock strike every hour of the night."

"Living so near the belfry I hardly wonder that you do," said the doctor.

He gave full directions as to what was to be done for his patient. It was not a case for drugs, but for care and nourishment. The loss of blood, coming upon a constitution much worn with work and watching, had caused a greater shock to the system than Mr. Saunders, or even Dr. Bolling, had apprehended.

In the next street the parish doctor ran against Mr. Pudge, a man with a pale fat face, greasy, smeared with printers' ink—reporter to the Bridford *Chronicle*.

"How are your patients going on?" asked Mr. Pudge. "Any abatement of the epidemic?"

"None, I am sorry to say; but I've got a patient in Tower Street that I'm more concerned about than all my cholera patients."

"Who is that?"

"Mr. Culverhouse. He's down with fever. Overwork and anxiety have brought it on. He's been working as hard as that French bishop you've read about when the plague was raging at Marseilles."

"Ay, to be sure," said the reporter, who had never heard of the bishop or the plague of Marseilles, and who booked the fact as a good starting-point for his next leading article on the Bridford pestilence.

It was Friday afternoon, and Mr. Pudge was hastening to his office to see the *Chronicle* through the press. He did not forget to put in a paragraph, with a side heading.

"Serious Illness of the Revd. C. Culverhouse.—We regret to hear that this gentleman, whose indefatigable labors among our suffering poor during the prevailing epidemic have been beyond all praise, has at length broken down under the burden imposed upon him, and is confined to his bed with a severe attack of fever."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. PIPER FALLS IN LOVE.

All through that sultry summer weather Beatrix and her companion, Madame Leonard, lived their quiet lives at the Water House, with no change of scene save to the wide airy moor, or to the hospitable Vicarage, where they usually spent two or three evenings of every week. People in Little Yafford—except some bitter and envious spirits of the Coyney type—had left off talking about Mr. Harefield's death, and had begun even to feel somewhat ashamed of their former suspicions about Beatrix. The girl's calm front and resolute manner, her daily presence among them, with that proud bearing which, as natural to her, gave the lie even to facts, where facts were against her. If she had left the village, and sought refuge from malevolent tongues in some foreign country, Little Yafford would have been confirmed in its suspicions. She staid, and the popular voice for some time denounced her as bold and brazen, hardened in wickedness, because she staid; but by slow degrees this idea wore itself out. Her steadiness outwore suspicion as water wears rock.

Every month, and sometimes every mail, brought Beatrix an Indian letter. Her lover sent her a full account of his life, which had now become full of action and excitement. The second Burmese war had broken out, and was being carried on with more valor than discretion. A town was taken triumphantly and with little loss, and then abandoned to the care of a force too weak to keep or defend it. Retaken by the enemy, it had to be conquered again, and this time with a severe struggle. Prome was taken twice; the city of Pegu three times. Detachments were cut off; officers were murdered.

Sir Kenrick's regiment was in the thick of the struggle. He had won his captaincy, and hoped—in a struggle that favored rapid promotion—to get another step before he came home.

"I wonder if you will think better of me, Beatrix," he wrote, "if I come back a major? There is a middle-aged sound about the title that you might hardly appreciate, but I assure you it is rather a grand thing nowadays for a man to be a major before he is thirty. We are having a very jolly time of it, plenty of fighting—a state of things that I have always longed for. I felt myself born too late in being out of the Sikh war, when I heard our fellows disputing over their claret about Mooltan and Goojerat. But now I have had my chance like the rest, and I hope that we may have peace before Christmas, so that I may see your dear face by the time the crocuses are golden in the Vicarage garden."

Then came a spirited description of the last skirmish. Beatrix followed the news of the war with attention and anxiety. She sometimes felt that her heart was wickedly calm in this period of danger and uncertainty. Any mail might bring the news of her lover's death, cut down from a scaling-ladder, or treacherously murdered by the foe. Every letter she received might be the last that strong young hand would pen. Though Kenrick wrote so lightly and gayly of the war, the facts were not less awful. It was an insignificant business in the history of the world, perhaps; but death was as busy there as at Marathon or Waterloo.

"If I loved him as I ought to love my betrothed husband I should not have a moment's peace," Beatrix thought, full of self-reproach.

Toward the close of the summer, just at the time when Emmanuel Joyce was stricken with cholera, Beatrix's health began to languish a little, and at Mr. Namby's advice she went to Whitby with Madame Leonard, intending to remain away some weeks. It was just then that Bella Scratchell's life became full of perplexity and excitement. A curious, most unlooked-for event had happened, and had changed the whole color of the Scratchell existence. Mr. Scratchell declared that Providence, pleased with the Scratchell's industry, economy, and patience, had at length taken the family under its wing, as directly and obviously as the Jews were taken in hand by the Divine Power in the time of Moses. Mr. Scratchell did not absolutely expect that miracles were to be worked for him, that waters were to be turned into blood, or flies to swarm in kings' chambers; but, short of this, he considered himself a very proper subject for Divine favor.

Mr. Piper had fallen in love with Bella, and wished to make her the second Mrs. Piper.

Like most men who mourn a first wife with a somewhat exaggerated dolefulness, Mr. Piper had speedily discovered a yearning to take to himself a second. He had not far to look for this second choice. Bella had always appealed to his taste as the prettiest thing he knew. Her round plump beauty, the sunny tints of her hair, her peachy cheeks and red full lips, her dimples and small round chin, her little white hands and neatly shaped feet, all were after the fashion in which to Mr. Piper's eye seemed the perfection of womanly beauty. A strong-minded woman, beautiful as Venus and grand as Juno, would have had no attraction for him. Mr. Piper had an awful dread of being hen-pecked. He wanted a wife whom he could treat kindly and govern with a rod of iron. That rod of iron would be nicely swathed in cotton-wool and velvet, of course, but it would be unbending. Mr. Piper had enjoyed life in his own way for the last twenty years, and he meant to go on having his own way so long as his faculties remained to him. Short of being like Dean Swift, and dying first "atop," Mr. Piper meant to have his own way until he drew his last breath.

Bella appeared to him by far the most pliable

and tender-hearted young woman of his acquaintance, as well as the prettiest. His children did not like her, but that was natural. The young Pipers had so strong a bent toward ignorance that they would have hated any one who tried to teach them. Mr. Piper was not going to be governed by his children's prejudices. The very best thing he could do for them would be to give them such a step-mother as Bella. The girls were wild, rough, and tomboyish. Constant intercourse with a well-mannered young woman would tone them down.

"She's every inch the lady," Mr. Piper said to himself, "and she'll make ladies of my gals if they'll let her."

Bella had long been conscious of a lurking gallantry in Mr. Piper's manners, which made that worthy little man nearly odious to her. She had avoided him as much as possible, hurrying out of the dull handsome house directly the formal hours of study were over. She had absolutely refused all his invitations to luncheon, despite his reproachful assertion that she was wanting in compassion for his widowed and lonely state.

"You have your daughters for companions, Mr. Piper," she replied to these charges. "You can't want me."

"But I do," retorted Mr. Piper. "My gals are no company for me. They haven't mind enough—and they're not pretty enough. I like to see a pretty face on the other side of the table when I sit down to my victuals."

Bella shuddered. Could any girl, even one who had known poverty's sharp stings from her cradle upward, consent to marry a man who talked about victuals? There was no harm in the word; it was neither obscene nor blasphemous; but it was revolting.

Although reproachful, Mr. Piper was not vindictive. The spring and summer that followed poor Mrs. Piper's death were seasons of fatness and plenty for the Scratchell family. Mr. Piper was always sending Mrs. Scratchell some offering from his model farm. Cream, butter, poultry, vegetables, the first fruits of the season, forced into premature being at much cost of money and labor, came to the Scratchell door in delicious succession. The young Scratchells grew epicurean, and turned up their noses at rhubarb pudding with two inches thickness of crust. Mr. Piper's servants—who stopped longer in his service now that the good housewife was gone—had a good deal to say about these small gifts. It was evident which way the wind was setting. Miss Scratchell would soon be mistress of the Park.

"There'll be a second Mrs. Piper before Christmas, or else my name ain't Martha Blair," said the cook. "And Miss Scratchell will be that one."

"Well," sighed the house-maid, without looking up from her stocking-darning, "if he's bent on marrying, he may as well marry her as any one else. She's haffable, and heven-tempered, I should think."

"Should you?" inquired the cook, ironically. "That shows 'ow much *you* knows about ooman natur. That young woman is deeper than the deepest well that was ever dug, and if ever she's missus here she'll want to rule every think with a 'igh 'and. Them mealy-mouthed ones always do. I'd rather 'ave a spitfire for a missus than one of them soft-spoken young women that go smilin' through the world as if they were apologizin' to every body for bein' alive. She'll spend 'is money, and she'll break 'is 'art, and she'll use all of us like dogs. That's my opinion about Miss Scratchell, if you wish to know it."

"Lor, cook, you're such a one to jump at conclusions," said the house-maid, with a somewhat contemptuous shrug.

"Perhaps I am, Mary, but I generally jumps at 'em right."

[to be continued.]

THE OPENING OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The opening of the public schools is the most important national event of the autumn. All over the land, from ocean almost to ocean, an army of many millions of children fill the modest, or sometimes splendid, school buildings, in city and country, on the prairie or the mountain-side, by the river, in the gold-bearing deserts, and offer the most remarkable spectacle of the modern age. Almost every State, provident of the future, gives education to all. The people are, or ought to be, instructed in the same schools, and trained in sympathy together. There is in the larger part of the Union a conviction that knowledge is the essential foundation of progress, that to train the child in industry and good order is to shield him from many future ills, and the liberality of the various States to their schools and colleges is something unprecedented in the history of nations. Even Prussia is niggardly and Holland mean when compared to the noble spirit with which New York, Massachusetts, and nearly every other State throw open their public schools to all.

This was not always so, and the growth of the common-school system among us has been slow and laborious, the result of the ceaseless activity of several generations. It is not half a century since education was neglected even in Massachusetts, since New York possessed only a few imperfect charity-schools, or when in the newly settled parts of the Union the emigrant found himself far beyond the commonest means of instruction. Education among our ancestors was a rare gift that few parents could bestow upon their children, and it is only in the rapid advance of the present century that knowledge has become a common thing. Among the ancients education was the privilege of the wealthy. Horace recalls with gratitude the careful instruction allowed him by his generous parent; Virgil was at school near Naples; but the vast majority of the Greeks and Romans must have lived and died in utter ignorance. Rude, coarse, barbarous, they were left to their common degradation, and wealth alone could command knowledge. Pliny and Trajan may have founded some public schools at Rome or on Lake Como; lectures and free recitations were established in several of the classic cities, libraries, scientific museums; but to educate a whole people by the aid of the state was an idea that was never entertained in all antiquity, except by a few bold and aspiring philosophers.

It was the theory of the Middle Ages that knowledge should be confined to a particular class. The noble and the warrior often despised it; the abject people were thought better without it; the priest and the lawyer exhausted the learning of the age; and in the dawn of modern society a good education was something that few attained. Charity-schools and colleges were gradually established by benevolent priests, kings, or private teachers—an Abelard or a Gerbert; the monasteries often had their ecclesiastical schools, Paris or Bologna its university, Oxford and Cambridge their crowded lecture-rooms; and in England various excellent educational institutions were founded for charity scholars by wealthy merchants, most of which have long been engrossed by the richer classes, and can no longer be considered as belonging to the poor. Eton, Westminster, and Christ-church schools have long ceased to remember the benevolent object of their founders. And until a very late period no poor person could obtain an education in England except by the aid of friends, or in some menial position at Dublin, Oxford, or Cambridge. The charity scholar was expected at these universities to become the servant of his betters, and wait at the table, or assist in cleaning the rooms. Goldsmith was one of these sizars at Dublin University. And several famous names in English scholarship have sprung from the servitors of a college.

England until recently held rigidly to the theory of the Middle Ages—that knowledge was to be kept as the privilege of a particular class. Its ruling caste asserted that the poor should have no education; its gross conservatism held intelligence only a peril to the sons of toil; and that the children of the poor, if educated at all, should be confined to the lowest branches of learning. "What," they exclaimed—and we have among us even some scholars who seem to hold the same narrow prejudices and fears—"what can the laboring class do with learning? Let them be content with their lot, and know nothing beyond it." The theory was enforced, and until a recent period three-fourths of the people of England lived in utter barbarism. I was told by a respectable English land-owner that of his eight or ten male servants of full age, not one could read and write, but that their children were nearly all at the public schools. On the Continent, and even in many parts of Germany, education was scarcely more advanced than in England at the close of the Napoleonic wars. It is only since Jena and its complete humiliation that Prussia has learned the power of knowledge. Its admirable system of public instruction in its present form, which has led the way to modern educational progress, is not much more than fifty years old.

Fifty years ago, in our best-educated States, how imperfect were the schools, and how low the condition of the intellect! To give their children a tolerable education, parents labored, saved, borrowed, perhaps begged. One remembers the touching story of Daniel Webster's youth, and the painful struggles of his intelligent father to give him a college training; how the poor and rocky farm was mortgaged; how the children sometimes wept together, or trembled, like Burns, before the clamorous creditor; and how in sorrow and in tears the genius of the great orator was nurtured. "Had I an education," said his generous father, "I should not be toiling here;" and he gave to his son the priceless boon of a liberal and cultivated mind. "How does the educated man differ from the uneducated?" said some one to Aristotle. "As much," he answered, "as the living differs from the dead." This has been the leading faith of American parents; to give their children an education is the common impulse that rules in the cities of the East, the farms of the Western prairies, the wildest scenes of the gold fields of California. An instinct, a sense of the danger of ignorance, a fear of the decay of the national mind and conscience, a philanthropic patriotism, have led the great majority of our people to bestow their wealth almost without stint upon the agencies of public instruction. Chiefly within the past twenty years our educational system has reached its high prosperity. The people have spared nothing of labor, time, money, in providing the chief safeguard of republican institutions; New York, with its lavish munificence, Ohio, Massachusetts, California, are sometimes surpassed by some of the smaller States in their zeal for knowledge; our citizens have resolved that their schools shall be the most liberal, the best of all, free, unsectarian, the teachers of pure republicanism and humanity.

It is quite certain that no narrow prejudice will ever again be suffered to introduce the notion of caste into our system of teaching, or that the kind of education offered to one part of the people will ever be different from that given to another. Some speculative thinkers may urge that the higher branches of knowledge should never be furnished gratuitously; that only the wealthy should be allowed a complete education, or that the poor should only receive their higher training in the form of charity. "The State," these advocates of caste assert, with the true spirit of the Middle Ages, "should only teach its people the commoner branches of learning." But I believe no such narrow impulse will ever again rule among men. The spirit of caste has sunk before the rise of knowledge. Charity-schools and sectarian schools must pass away forever.

And there can be no doubt that this system of public instruction, so novel, so powerful, the growth of the past twenty or thirty years, in fact, is to govern the future history of nations and take the place of many decaying institutions. It is the most powerful of all political agencies; it is still young and new. It has many enemies, and is struggling against a host of foes. Ignorance, caste, a foreign Church, parsimony, indolence, impede its progress; in some parts of the country, barbarism and force. Yet the achievements of the common-school system, even in its infancy, are so wonderful as to startle and amaze: already it has spread its golden links over the forests and the prairies, has cultivated and created nations, has swept aside slavery, has made in Europe a war of unprecedented triumphs, in America has consolidated the intelligence of millions. What it may yet accomplish for mankind when a century of improvement has perfected its rare capacities, no one can foretell. When this mighty engine is applied to the formation of practical laborers, humane citizens, industrial and physical progress, there is no imperfection of society it may not soften or cure. W[illegible] all the nation has been passed through the alembic of the public schools for generations, it will have lost many of its follies and its vices.

But if this public-school system is so mighty a power in the formation of a nation's character, with what care should it be guarded and governed? What purity and intelligence, humanity, prudence, are to be required in all those who control its interests and direct its studies! How infinite is the influence of every one who is connected with the public schools, how important the training and the character of teachers, how careful should the nation be of its children's welfare! Here, indeed, is the best field for the labors of every patriot. Factions may rise and fall, the strife of parties and sections may continue, but so long as the vast instrument of education moves onward successfully, republicanism is safe.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The annual report of the Astronomer Royal of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, to the Board of Visitors, was rendered June 2, 1877. It is divided into the same subjects as previous reports, and together with them gives a complete view of the activity of the observatory during the whole of Sir George Airy's long administration.

The regular subjects of observation with the transit circle continue to be, as in past years, the moon, sun, and major planets, with the necessary standard stars, and, as opportunity offers, stars from the working catalogue are added to complete the tale of observations for each star in the new nine-year catalogue, which closes with 1876. In the case of fundamental stars special attention is given rather to obtaining a series extending over many hours than to multiplying individual observations; 3748 transits and 3274 zenith distances, including 428 reflection observations, have been made during the year. The observations of *Gamma Draconis* with the zenith tube are continued, as well as altazimuth observations of the moon. The altazimuth made 172 observations of the moon to eighty-five by the transit circle. The new nine-year catalogue includes the observations from the beginning of 1868 to the end of 1876. It will contain more than 2250 stars, a considerable number being circumpolar, nearly all of which have been observed at least three times in each co-ordinate. It will probably be published as an appendix to the Greenwich observations for 1876.

The chromosphere has been examined on fifty-seven days, prominences having been seen on seventy-five per cent. of the days. The observations of the spectra of stars for determination of their motion toward or from the earth, the rotation of the sun, Venus, etc., have been already published in the *Monthly Notices*, R. A. S., by Mr. Christie. Photographs of the sun have been taken on 146 days.

It is proposed to adapt the equatorial to stellar photography by inserting a doublet consisting of a convex flint lens cemented to a concave crown, placed a short distance within the principal focus.

It appears that the reduction of the photographic records of the barometer from 1854 to 1873 has so far advanced that it can be positively asserted that there is no trace of a lunar tide in the atmosphere, but that there is a strongly marked semi-diurnal solar tide, accompanied with a smaller diurnal tide.

The departments of chronometers, time balls, time signals, etc., continue, as usual, in their high state of efficiency. An appendix relating to the new numerical lunar theory will be printed with the next volume of observations.

The report closes with a question whether the printing of every figure of the original observations is necessary, the steps of reduction being printed in detail. The same question must eventually become a serious one to every large observatory.

The reported discovery of a complete carcass of a mammoth in Tomsk, Siberia, proves to be incorrect. M. Poliakoff, an agent sent by the St. Petersburg Academy to investigate the subject, states that he found only a large piece of the flesh of the animal, with skin and hair.

An important aid to business movements and geographical exploration in Africa will be assured by the construction of a proposed telegraph line from one end of that continent to the other, rivalling in magnitude the great trans-continental enterprises of a similar character in Asia, North America, and Australia. The total distance to be accomplished from Alexandria to Natal (which itself is at present in communication with Cape Town) is 3660 geographical miles, and of this the distance from Alexandria to Khartoom is shortly to be completed and in operation, and it will soon be extended to Gondokora—a distance of 1565 miles. Again, Natal is in communication with Kimberley, in Griqualand, so that in fact a distance of only 840 miles remains to be bridged by the wires.

The suggestion that the erection of such a line through a desert territory will involve its destruction by the savages, is met by the experience of similar undertakings in North America and Australia, where the lines traverse regions occupied equally by savage warlike tribes, and where but little inconvenience has resulted from their interference.

That the completion of such an undertaking will be of the utmost importance in the prosecution of geographical research in Africa is beyond question; and although for many years there can be no pecuniary return, yet its construction will be more than paid for in the saving of expense in the prosecution of the great geographical undertakings at present in progress or in contemplation by various organizations in Europe, either collectively or separately.

Dr. H. M. Noad, some years ago a standard authority on electricity and magnetism, including their application in telegraphing, died in July last, in the sixty-third year of his age. His more important publications were *Lectures on Electricity, A Manual of Electricity*, and *Chemical Manipulation and Analysis*.

Among the most remarkable peculiarities of the weather in the United States in the month of July, according to the Monthly Bulletin of the Signal-office, were, first, the few storms reported at sea; second, the unusually large number of tornadoes occurring during the first ten days of the month; third, the general diminution of grasshoppers and locusts, and the slight amount of damage done by them in comparison with that of several years previous.

As might be expected, high temperatures have prevailed, the thermometer having reached a maximum of 96° at Cheyenne, Lynchburg, and Pittsburgh; 97° at Indianola and Wilmington; 98° at Salt Lake City and Washington; 99° at Denver, Norfolk, and Vicksburg; 100° at Augusta (Georgia) and Jacksonville; 102° at Montgomery; 103° at Sacramento; 104° at Laredo and Winnemucca; 106° at Boise City (Idaho); 109° at Fort Sully and Rio Grande; 112° at Maricopa Wells; and 113° at Yuma. Ice was reported on the 31st of July at Fort Sanders, Wyoming Territory. The heaviest rain recorded was 3.57 inches, at Oswego.

The Netherlands government is to be added to the list of European nations taking part directly or indirectly in the prosecution of researches into the natural history and physics of the deep seas. A pilot schooner suitably fitted up for the purpose has been placed at the command of the Netherlands Zoological Society for this object. Five members were occupied during the first half of July in cruising around the north seas as far as Heligoland, with some interesting results.

A valuable work has already been published by Dr. C. V. Riley, State entomologist of Iowa, entitled *The Locust Plague in the United States*, a treatise on the Rocky Mountain locust, or so-called grasshopper, as it occurs east of the Rocky Mountains, with practical recommendations for its destruction. The geographical distribution of the species for several years past is given in a series of maps, and the insect is figured in all the stages of its growth, from the egg to the adult. Many important and timely suggestions are made in regard to the means of averting and palliating its ravages.

We have already referred to an important exploration of the natural history and ethnology of the West Indies, now in course of prosecution by Frederick A. Ober, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution. Some interesting collections of specimens have already been received at Washington from Mr. Ober, embracing particularly a series of the birds of the island of Dominica, including several species new to science, and others of excessive rarity. Among the latter is a huge parrot, one of the largest of its genus. The latest advices from Mr. Ober are dated Antigua, August 6. He was then about proceeding to St. Kitt's, and thence through the chain of English islands to Grenada, including the Dutch islands of Saba and Eustatius. The region to be explored by him extends over six degrees of latitude, and will occupy him at least two years. Not the least important results of Mr. Ober's work have been the studies made during a long residence among the Carib tribe of Dominica. He has been able to secure numerous photographs of this little-known people, and many illustrations of their manners and customs, all of which will be hereafter the subject of a popular article for some one of our leading journals.

The geological survey of Brazil, which has been in progress for several years, under the direction of our fellow-countryman, Professor C. F. Hartt, formerly of Vassar and Cornell universities, was lately for a short time threatened with suspension, in consequence of the desire of the Brazilian government to reduce its expenses. The subject, however, having been brought to the consideration of the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Consulheiro Thomaz José Coelho de Almeida, and of Dr. Buarque de Macêda, in whose department the survey belongs—both liberal and enlightened men—this proposition was countermanded, and increased strength given to the commission after an investigation of all the circumstances. The temporary stoppage of operations was used advantageously by Professor Hartt in placing the collections made by him in good order, and his parties have again entered the field in prosecution of their objects. Among the more important results so far accomplished by the survey has been the discovery of the existence in Brazil of the silurian, Devonian, carboniferous, triassic, jurassic, cretaceous, and post-tertiary formations, all of them furnishing well-characterized fossils in great variety, and of which large numbers have been collected by the commission for its investigation, and for purposes of distribution in Brazil and of exchange with foreign establishments. So far, no well-defined tertiary has been found to exist in Brazil. The survey has also been very successful in its ethnological researches, especially among the kitchen-middens of Santa Catharina, Parana, Sao Paulo, Bahia, and the Amazonas, the results of which have been announced in part, although much of interest yet remains to be published. The researches in the coral reefs have been made the occasion of securing numbers of marine animals, all of which add to the resources of the survey. In connection with other operations, numerous photographs of scenery, of geological structure, and of the native races have been taken.

SAVED FROM ITS FRIEND (?).

Old Democratic Party (*slightly bewildered*). "My Child! My Child! Oh dear! He's stolen my Child!"
Columbia. "Oh, bless you, Sir! You've brought us all together again!"

LIFE ON THE PARIS BOULEVARDS—OPEN-AIR GUESTS BEFORE A CAFÉ.

ON THE PARIS BOULEVARDS—A CAFÉ.

MOST people who visit Paris for pleasure repair thither during the warmer months of the year, and of all the sights of the gay city none perhaps makes such an impression, both by daylight and gas-light, on the hitherto untravelled American, as the inner line of Boulevards. Here are to be found, in delightful combination, fascinating shop windows, shady trees, abundance of seats, a broad roadway, and a most liberal breadth of territory allotted to pedestrians. In this semicircular, or rather triangular, thoroughfare, which extends from the Column of July in the east to the Madeleine in the west, are to be found several of the theatres, while it is especially the region of *cafés*, many of which are of great size and magnificence.

In winter the guests are obliged to keep indoors, but during the warmer season—say, from May till November—they overflow the pavements in front of these establishments, and become in themselves one of the most noticeable features of Boulevard existence. Persons of both sexes and of all ages are to be seen here; and the liquids they consume are of the most variegated hues, ranging from the rich brown of coffee or chocolate to the scarlet of gooseberry sirup, the golden yellow of Chartreuse, and the deadly green of absinthe. But the Parisian *cafés* are not merely pleasure resorts. Many of them serve as houses of call for persons of various trades and professions, and much serious business is transacted across these marble-topped tables.

There is, perhaps, no big city in the world where business and pleasure are so delightfully intermingled as in Paris. For example, you see a man in his shirt sleeves playing billiards during what in New York are supposed to be the busiest hours of the day. This man is not necessarily an idle fellow; he is, let us say, an engineer; the house is frequented by brothers of the craft, who, after a substantial breakfast, are enjoying a temporary respite from their labors, and between the cannon strokes affairs of serious importance are often arranged.

THE FOLK-LORE OF HARES.

IN some parts of England it is reckoned unlucky should a hare cross the path, and if one should chance to run along a frequented path or a street, it is certain that a house hard by will ere long be burned. Pliny says the flesh of a hare causes sleep, and that those who eat it look fair, lovely, and gracious for a week afterward. Linnæus asserts that cloth made of a hare's fur preserves the wearer from fleas; while Buffon, with amazing credulity, says it is the only animal which has hair in its mouth. The extravagant gambols of hares in spring, which have led to the proverb, "As mad as a March hare," probably caused the old Saxons to represent their goddess of love as attended by hares, two acting as her train-bearers, while others precede her with lights. It is not in England merely that the hare is connected in the popular mind with spring. At Easter, in Suabia and Hesse, a nest is made of moss, a hare set upon it, and the children are sent to look in it for the eggs that the hare has laid. On the Saxon mountains, too, it is said that the Easter hare brings the Easter eggs. Russian folk-lore also has a curious story bringing together eggs and hares, which it seems difficult to connect even in fancy on any reasonable principle. A many-headed snake, called Koshchei, is asked, "Whereabouts is your death, O Koshchei?" much as Delilah tried to inveigle from Samson the secret of his strength. The hydra replied, "My death is in such and such a place. There stands an oak, and under the oak is a casket, and in the casket is a hare, and in the hare is a

duck, and in the duck is an egg, and in the egg is my death." A certain Prince Joan, who is wandering in search of adventures, discovers the egg, breaks it, and at once kills Koshchei the Deathless.

But the chief celebrity of the hare in folk-lore undoubtedly consists in its connection with witchcraft, especially the black-art as believed in Scotland. Giraldus Cambrensis attributes the belief that certain old crones could turn themselves into hares, and in that shape suck cows, to the Celtic race, the natives of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. Even so late as twenty-five years ago it was put on record that a "Scotch witch had been seen a hundred times milking the cows in the shape of a hare." Reginald Scott informs us what animals are most grateful to the powers of darkness, and naturally our quarry is among them. "Right grave authors report that spirits most often and specially take the shape of women, appearing to monks, etc.; and of beasts, dogs, swine, horses, goats, cats, hares; of fowles, as crowes, night owles, and skreeche owles; but they delight most in the likeness of snakes and dragons." Grose is doubtful whether it is for the sake of air and exercise, or to vex the squire, justice, and parson of the village wherein they reside, that witches often transform themselves into hares, and lead hounds and huntsman a long and fruitless chase.

A Scotch hag named Isobel Gowdie, one of the celebrated Auldearn witches, confessed that at Lammas, 1659, she had attended a Witches' Sabbath, when they rambled through the country in the shapes of cats, hares, and the like. Such changes she declared were very common among her uncanny sisterhood: crows, she said, were birds which they especially affected. She herself had a narrow escape once under the form of a hare. She had been sent, she averred, by the devil to Auldearn in that disguise with some message, but had the misfortune to meet Peter Papley of Killhill's servants going to labor, having his hounds with them. The dogs sprang on the disguised witch, "and I," says Isobel, "ran a very long time, but being hard pressed, was forced to take to my own house, the door being open, and there took refuge behind a chest." But the hounds, rushing in, took the other side of the chest, so that Isobel only escaped by getting into another house, where she found time to say the disenchanting rhyme:

"Hare! hare! God send thee care:
I am in a hare's likeness now,
But I shall be woman even now:
Hare! hare! God send thee care."

The Ettrick Shepherd relates one or two capital stories of these freaks of the witches. A number of gentlemen were one day met for a coursing match on the lands of Kirkhope, in the Yarrow Valley. They had numerous and keen greyhounds, but could not find a hare. At last a boy came up, who offered to start a hare for them if they would give him a guinea and suffer him to hold the black greyhound. The demand was singular, but no other conditions would satisfy him. So the price was paid, the hare was at once found, and gave excellent sport. The greyhounds began to give up one by one, so long did the "maukin" run, when one of the party came slyly behind the boy, and cut the leash which held the black dog. Away it flew to join in the chase. The boy, losing his presence of mind, ran, bawling with great anxiety, "Hey, mither, rin! Hey, rin, ye auld witch, if ever ye ran i' yer life! Rin, mither, rin!" Meanwhile the black dog came fast up to his quarry, and was beginning to "mouth" her, when she sprang in at the window of a little cottage and escaped. The riders soon came to the place, and entered the cot in search of their hare, but nothing was found save an old woman lying panting in a bed, so breathless that she could not speak a word.

The celebrated Michael Scott, of Oakwood, was himself sorely victimized in this fashion, and that by one of his own tenants. This old lady (known as Lucky) was reputed to be the most notable witch of her time. Indeed, so marvelous were her powers that the country people began to compare them invidiously with those of the master, and it was averred that in some "cantrips" she could surpass him. Michael could ill brook such insinuations, so he went over one day with his dogs on pretense of hunting, but in reality with an intent to exercise some of his infernal skill in order to chastise Lucky. He found her alone in the field weeding lint, and desired her in a friendly manner to show him a sample of her powerful art. She angrily denied that she possessed any supernatural knowledge. He, however, continuing to press her, she bade him with some warmth leave her alone, or she would make him repent the day on which he troubled her. How she perceived the virtue of the master's wand is unknown, but in a moment she snatched it from his hand and gave him three lashes with it. Michael was immediately changed to a hare, when the malicious and inveterate hag cried out, laughing, "Shu, Michael, rin or dee," and baited all his own dogs at him. He was extremely hard pushed, and was obliged to swim the river and take shelter in the sewer of his own castle from the fury of his pursuers, where he found leisure to disenchant himself and once more appear as a man.

The same superstition is found in Ireland. A gentleman was shooting there, and time after time failed to hit a particular hare, which was always to be found in the same "form." "Faith, Sir, and I am not surprised at it," at length quoth the gamekeeper; "she's a witch-hare, and sorra a mither's son could hit her without a crooked sixpence in his gun." Unfortunately the sportsman did not try the receipt. Montaigne relates an anecdote of a young Turkish lord who had performed a notable exploit in war before Amurath, and was asked by him who at his early years had thus inspired him with such distinguished courage. His answer and the essayist's reflection on it are curiously applicable to our subject. "My teacher in valor," said the Turk, "was a hare. Being one day a-hunting, I found a hare sitting. At her I let fly my arrows, and shot forty that I had in my quiver, not only without hurting, but without starting her from her form. At last I slipped my dogs at her, but to no more purpose than I had shot, by which I understood that she had been secured by her destiny, and that neither darts nor swords can wound without the permission of Fate, which we can neither hasten nor put back." This story may serve, by-the-way (adds Montaigne), to let us see how flexible our reason is to all sorts of images.

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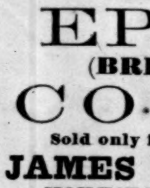

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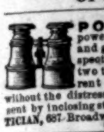

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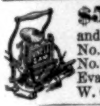

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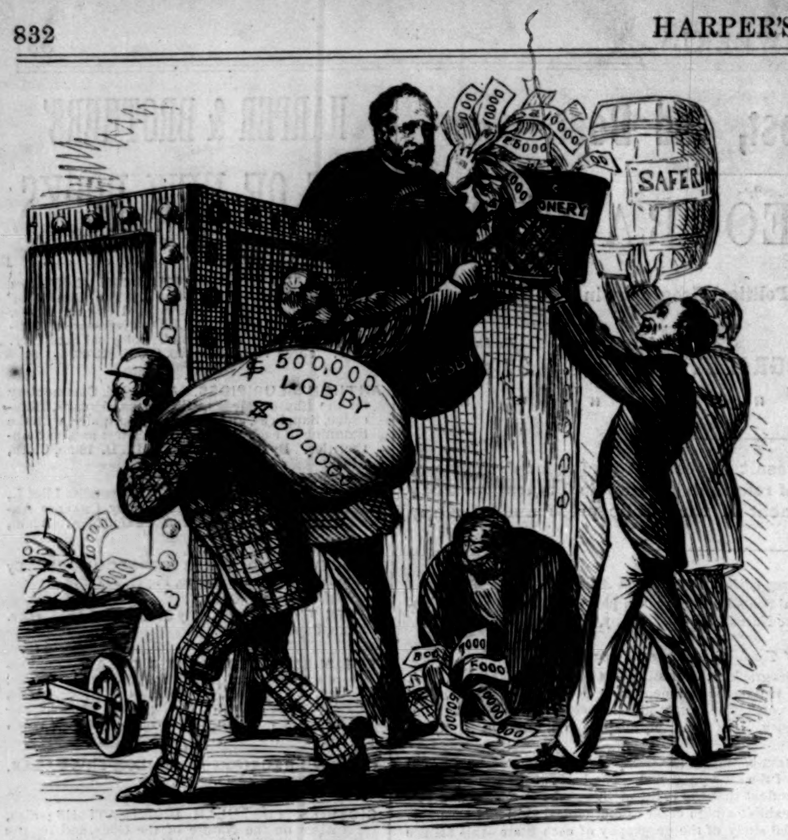

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3d.—When these extra appliances are no longer needed for protection against the weather, the Mittens may again be turned up under the cuffs, where they are entirely concealed, while the Collar may be turned down, as in View No. 2, adding a very stylish finish to the garment.

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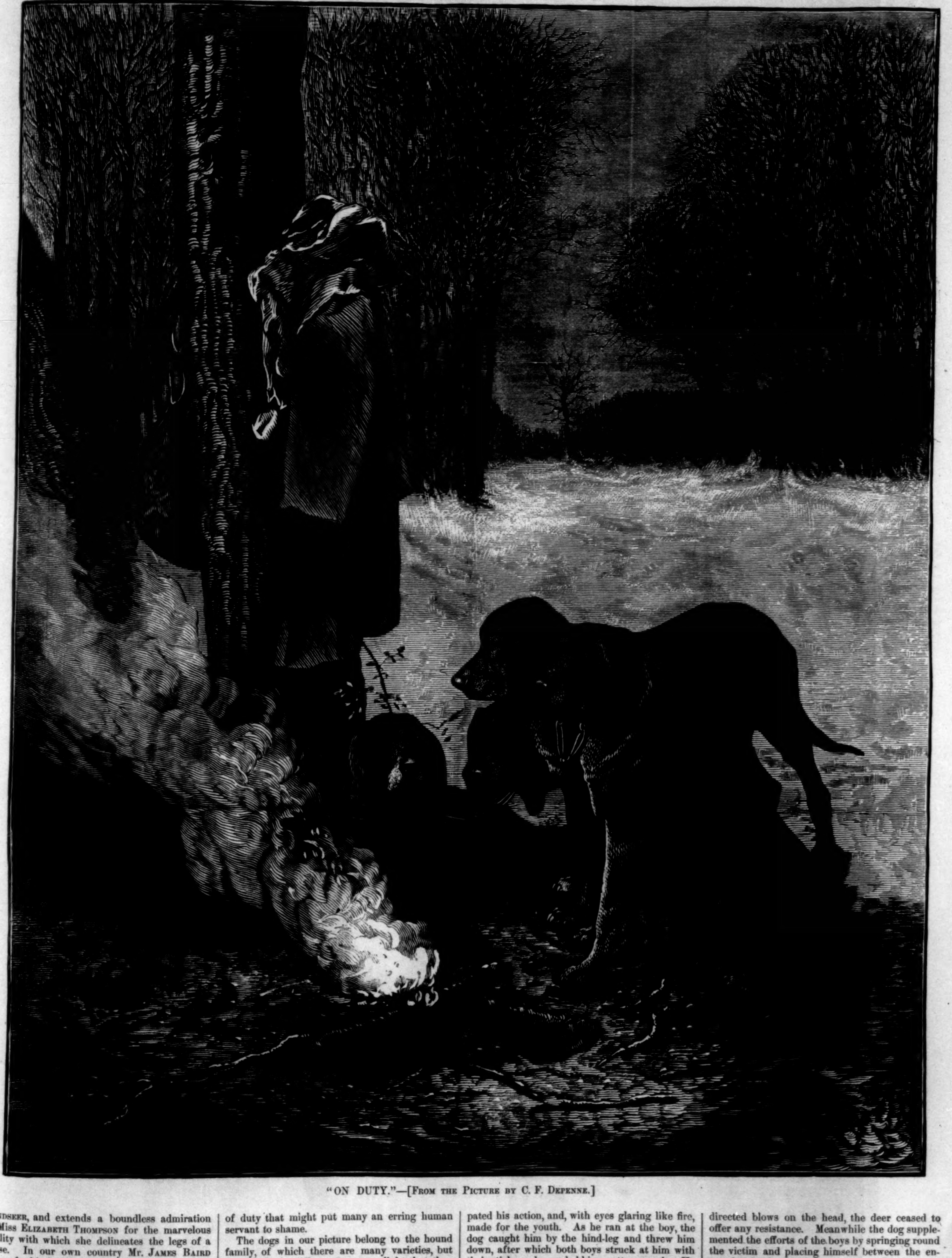
"ON DUTY."

HOWEVER humble the place occupied by our canine friends in the social world, they have always held a dignified position in the realms of art. Many of our most popular artists, both men and women, are distinctively known as animal painters. France prides herself on the genius of ROSA BONHEUR, who has won fame and fortune by representing brute creation on canvas. England points with enthusiasm to the works of LANDSEER, and extends a boundless admiration to Miss ELIZABETH THOMPSON for the marvelous fidelity with which she delineates the legs of a horse. In our own country Mr. JAMES BAIRD claims for his four-footed friends a position alongside of the finest landscape and figure pieces produced by American art.

The engraving on this page is another instance of the honor done to the beasts that perish. The artist has chosen for his subject a group of hunting dogs left by their master in charge of clothes and camp fire while he himself is absent on some necessary errand. The dogs evidently realize the grave responsibility of their position. Human watchers would beguile the time with jest and laughter, and might allow the enemy to approach the scene without observation; but nothing can divert the attention of the dogs. They attend strictly to the business in hand; no single one of the eight eyes shows a disposition to wink; there is nothing but a conscientious performance of duty that might put many an erring human servant to shame.

The dogs in our picture belong to the hound family, of which there are many varieties, but frequently the differences are so slight that they can only be detected by a practiced eye. In all probability, however, they are deer-hounds, the red deer being a native of France, and found abundantly in the forests of Normandy and elsewhere. These animals are particularly sagacious, and also capable of deep attachment to their owners. The following story, taken from the French, illustrates the intelligence frequently displayed by the deer-hound in struggling with his prey: One severe winter, as two small boys were cutting wood in a forest in France, they were startled by the barking of a dog. On going into the bushes, they were met by a great two-year-old buck, with which the animal was having a severe tussle. One of the boys took up a stick with the intention of attacking the deer; but the latter anticipated his action, and, with eyes glaring like fire, made for the youth. As he ran at the boy, the dog caught him by the hind-leg and threw him down, after which both boys struck at him with their sticks and pounded him pretty severely. He soon gained his footing, however, and made a second dash at the young huntsmen. As he did so, the boys struck him with their sticks on the head. The deer resenting this treatment, and finding that matters stood three to one in the fight, turned suddenly, evidently intent upon taking refuge in flight. Within two hundred yards there was a lake, the surface of which was covered with ice. The deer, in attempting to cross it, slipped and fell, and the dog, having a chance to come up, caught his adversary by the nose. The dog held on courageously till the boys arrived, when one of them seized the deer by the horns and jumped upon his back. After this the younger of the two attacked the poor animal so furiously with his stick that, after receiving a series of well-directed blows on the head, the deer ceased to offer any resistance. Meanwhile the dog supplemented the efforts of the boys by springing round the victim and placing himself between the enraged animal and his conquerors. In this way the deer was finally dispatched, and dragged by the hind-legs toward the house. The party was met by a couple of mortified hunters who had been on the track all day, and finally arrived just in time to assist in carrying home the game.



"ON DUTY."—[FROM THE PICTURE BY C. F. DEPENNE.]

"HOMELESS."—[From a Painting by C. E. Holloway.]

THE FAMINE IN CHINA—A MOTHER SELLING HER CHILDREN TO PROCURE BREAD.—(An Actual Sketch in Chin-kiang.)

THE FAMINE IN CHINA.

The miserable scene depicted in the above engraving shows one of the terrible straits to which the Chinese population of Shan-tung were reduced during the late famine in that province. The sketch is a veritable one, the artist himself having witnessed the sight which he so graphically represents. The unfortunate mother, induced to part with her infants in order to avoid starvation, belonged to the village of Chin-kiang, and was seen wheeling her children to the nearest slave-market, where she hoped to sell them for such a sum as would provide herself with the necessaries of life. As for the little ones, having a market value, they would, of course, be cared for by whoever purchased them. In addition to hunger, the natives of Shan-tung also endured much suffering from cold, the winters in that part of China being exceedingly severe.

The frequently recurring famines in China are chiefly due to drought. The Chinese, although making use of the most primitive implements of agriculture, are nevertheless exceedingly successful as husbandmen. It is only surprising that a people so intelligent and generally enlightened are unwilling to make use of the many modern inventions that have recently been introduced into other countries. They have yielded their prejudices in favor of the method of agriculture common among their ancestors so far as to adopt the plough and harrow, but the use of a spade or a wheelbarrow is utterly unknown. When it is necessary to transport the bundles of grain from one part of a field to another, they are carried in the usual manner of carrying other articles, by a

WRESTLERS IN BARODA.—[See Page 836.]